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THE
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FRANCE DAGUERROTYPED;

OR,

The War Fever.

BY CAPTAIN PEPPER,

AUTHOR OF "WRITTEN CARICATURES," ETC.

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CONSTABLE OF FRANCE: *O diable!*
ORLEANS: *O Seigneur! Tout est perdu!*
DAUPHIN: *Mort de ma vie!* All is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. *O mechante fortune!*
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels—
Yea, in thy maw; for Pistol's cock is up,
And *flashing fire* will follow! *Ibid.*

"France in her *Isolation* defies all Europe in arms."

Speech of Adolphe Thiers, Native of *Gascony.*

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PREFACE.

" Si le Capitaine Capsicum Cayenne Pepper (échauffant pseudonyme !) vient à Paris, nous nous engageons bien volontiers à vider avec lui plusieurs bouteilles de *claret*, en compagnie de Gavarni, Daumier, et autres sommités Charivariques."

Le Charivari, 28 August, 1841.

Talk of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Give me *Les Nuits Charivariques*, and the wit-flashing spirits that compose them; manly and European in their range of thought, national in their predilections and uncompromising in their opinions, but gentle and amiable in expression as befits the enlightened minds of accomplished men of letters and artists whose genius and whose labours are of all time. If in the pages which follow there be aught that is *malin* or *spirituel*, to this renowned Cynosure of the light literature of Europe it is in all probability to be

traced; for it is no fulsome adulation, to say to this circle of wits:

" Εχω γαρ ἁ 'χω δια σε, κ'ουκ ἄλλον βροτων."

Of the following sketches the illustrations are undeniably the best portion. These are by MM. Gavarni, Daumier, &c., the artists of the *Charivari*, and the first Caricaturists of France. To my expression of grateful thanks for their assistance, which has secured the most strict fidelity of costume, and by annexing to these " Clinical Lectures" the *ipsissima sculpta* of some of her most gifted sons, has justified the title of France Daguerrotyped, it is right that I should add that for nothing which appears in the text are they in any shape responsible, and that the international political opinions which I advance are in most cases directly at variance with those which they profess.

CAPSICUM CAYENNE PEPPER,
Captain H. M. Invincibles.

J. B. S. Club,
1st March, 1842.

In every sort of author's sinnings,
The plaguyest puzzles are beginnings.—PEPPER.

CHAPTER I.

Quasimodo and Pascal.—An Intrepid Aëronaut.—Flighty Propensities of Young France.—Perversion of the Public Mind.—Chinese Policy for the Circumvallation of Paris.—French Hatred of England.—Universality of the French Appetite for Military Aggression.—Lurking Hostility to England betrayed by a Member of Louis Philippe's Family.—Plans of Mons. Thiers.—Probable Destiny of France.

THE explosion of frenzy which burst forth in France, in July, 1840, upon the occasion of the

signing of the Treaty of London, with all the monstrosities to which it gave rise, was beautifully illustrated by a scene which took place in the course of that same month at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. The spot from which Quasimodo—that grotesquely sublime creation of Victor Hugo's genius—hurled down beam after beam, and streams of molten lead, upon the heads of the ragged invading army, one misshapen dwarf staying a host of Gallic caterans, is nearly as celebrated in the annals of the Morgue as in monkish chronicles, and in the diary of sight-seers as in the brilliant historic page of France in the Middle Ages. From those venerable towers is obtained a *coup-d'œil* which assuredly no earthly diorama surpasses in interest—but that spot is dangerous as well as delightful; for, like the summit of our own Monument, it possesses a powerful fascination for the eye of the maniac, and its very atmosphere is suicidal. Even cool heads are dizzied at these awful heights, and those who shudder as they look down do not always shudder with repulsion; so strangely compounded is the nature of man, mixed up so indescribably of the reason that restrains, and the half-involuntary impulse that propels—"*ange des cieux, imbécille ver de terre!*"

This oddly-grained admixture of sublime emotions and bestial propensities, of exaggerated sentiments and equally exaggerated crimes—

this blending of patriotism with braggart strut, and bravery with abject meanness—of lofty aspirations after the beautiful in art, fastidiousness, singular refinement of taste, with all that is depraved and despicable in action, is essentially and inalienably French. Had Pascal painted his countrymen, and not mankind, it must have been with more of the crawling worm than the angel's wings.

To return to that sombre edifice upon every stone of which Hugo has impressed his name, it is a notable fact for those who delight in curious statistics, that the number of self-immolations, as the French would call them—self-murders as they are written in our ruder vocabulary—which have taken place during the present century from the summit of Nôtre Dame, is precisely equal to that of which the Monument near London Bridge (again to use French language) has been the "theatre," the populations of the British and the French metropolis being as nearly as possible in the relation of two to one. Your figure-philosophers would thence infer that John Crapaud is twice as insane as John Bull. I think I shall be able to demonstrate in the course of these pages that he is fifty times as insane and a hundred times as vicious.

Early in July, a man provided with an eccentric travelling costume, and a bundle, applied to the Keeper of the Napoleon Column in the Place

Vendôme for permission to ascend to the top. He was desired to leave his bundle with the Keeper; but this request so disconcerted him that he retired to the Pantheon, after having discharged a torrent of offensive language on the official's head. At the Pantheon the same request was preferred, and a similar condition assigned was met by a similar ebullition of anger. Upon this the man went home, put on his great coat, under which he contrived to conceal his bundle, and demanded admission to the plateau of the towers of Nôtre Dame. The Keeper, expecting the customary gratuity, accompanied him to the top of the Cathedral, and upon their arrival the man asked him in what direction lay Montmartre. The Keeper pointed it out, when the other, unbuttoning his coat, revealed the secreted bundle, and tapping it mysteriously said: "Should you be surprised if I were to alight on the heights of Montmartre within ten minutes?" "*Ma foi, un peu,*" said the Keeper. "Say not a word," quoth the intrepid aëronaut, "and I will take you with me." The Keeper respectfully declined the invitation, and exhausted all his persuasive powers in vain to induce the maniac to abandon his aërial expedition. "*Eh bien!*" quoth the Keeper at last, struck by a felicitous thought, "since you are bent upon going, have the goodness to take me with you." "*Mais très volontiers,*" was the elated reply. The maniac

immediately took forth from his bundle a number of mysterious straps, and feathers curiously sewn together, which he proceeded with great gravity to fasten upon his shoulders like a pair of wings. He then attempted to seize the Keeper round the waist; but the latter was beforehand with him, and having fortunately muscle enough to contend with a madman, succeeded in bringing down his bird, and detaining him until assistance was procured. "*Mon ami*," said he, "*you want a Keeper;—I am one.*" A straight waistcoat was put upon this modern Icarus, who had frequently before given indications of mental aberration, but in truth was utterly harmless.

What a parallel for the recent doings of Young France! The flighty propensities of the gentleman in the anecdote are those of Young France. The grandiose visions which swarmed in his *tête montée* are those of Young France. The absurd aims and the ridiculous conclusion—the swelling and the bursting of the huge bubble—again are those of Young France. In short, it is "a picture in little" of all that has passed during the last eighteen months amongst our brethren of the Outre-Manche. Nothing is omitted. For Montmartre read St. Paul's as the ultimate destination of the flying Frenchman. Conceive that the feathers with which he plumes himself are peacock's in a jackdaw's tail, stuck with the goosequills of inflammatory journalists—add the

scurrility and the insane vociferation—add that the youth is sadly in want of a Keeper, that the bird has been taken down and plucked of his daintiest feathers by Louis Philippe, that burly *chef de cuisine*—and you have a picture of Young

France's volatile doings, which leaves nothing on earth to be desired.

If there be food for merriment in the multitude of antics which have sprung from the recent French *furore*, there is also the material of sad reflection. It is terrible to have barely receded from the precipice, and ponder on the frightful depth of the chasm. A devastating European war, to which neither term nor limit can be assigned by human probabilities, was but a fraction of the evils into which the morbid vanity of a single nation,

"Prodiga gens animæ, et properare facillima mortem,"

would have inevitably plunged all others. The paralyzation of commerce, the destruction of manufacturing industry, of useful as well as elegant production, the shutting up of the inhabitants and intelligence of each country within the narrowest limits, the indefinite suspension of the intercommunion of thought amongst the great European family of nations, the rending asunder of all the bands which hold enlightened communities of different races together, the impoverishing alike of nations and individuals, the rolling back, for perhaps a full century, of the great refreshing tide of civilization,—such is but a general view of the disasters, which the perverse self-love and groundless jealousy, the puerile policy and monstrous injustice, of one people were on the point of recklessly engendering for all. The train was laid, and how it was not fired—left wholly as we were "at the mercy of events and subalterns," is more than human subtlety can divine. Had France, indeed, entered the arena against the combined great powers of Europe, to glut her insatiable appetite for rapine and revenge, her prostration as a leading nation would have inevitably followed. She sees not this in her flagrant self-delusion —sees not how man and Heaven must have "scattered the proud in the conceit of their hearts." But arrogant insolence in a nation brings no more terrific calamity than perverting or precluding the operation of sober reason. A

barbarous Chinese policy has been adopted with regard to Paris, in the flimsy hypothesis that stone walls and bastions will protect it from invasion, and promote the cherished schemes of aggression. But, were France not struck with the madness of the doomed, she would doubtless remember that the circumvallation of another vain nation which calls itself "Celestial" did not prevent it from falling an easy prey to the Tartars; and in the triumph of absolute power to which this measure plainly points, she would shudder at the advent of a frightful national disaster. The wolf is already preying on her vitals. FIFTY EIGHT MILLIONS STERLING have been expended upon her fortifications and her various armaments, set on foot in Thiers's brief but profligate career. It is a poor compensation that a rampart round Paris may make a military Republic possible. France is not even half *exploitée*; her actual population is greatly below her actual wants. Not more than three fourths of her soil is cultivated; more arms, of a peaceful description, are needed in every direction; and her agricultural system is most contemptibly deficient. What business has she with the Rhenish frontier? Emigration is wholly unknown in France; her labouring population is nowhere suffering; not even the dower of the rich plains of Algeria can tempt them; Swiss agriculturists migrate to that Colony; and Irish labourers are lured with their spades and "hods" to the for-

tifications of Paris. What need has France of an extension of territory, unless through the schoolboy motive of raising the envy of her neighbours? Yet her day-dream is still of conquest, incapable of the moral conquest over self; and for this she has stultified her reason in the glare of an intellectual age by suffering the scoundrel outlay of thirty millions sterling upon military outworks and armaments, *before the convocation of her Representative body, before debate on the expedience of an unparalleled outlay, or consultation of her national will.* Deluded by a vast bubble, she has, *after discussion*, tied round her neck the huge Fortification millstone, mortgaged her Sinking Fund for ten years to come, suspended every useful public work, and forced herself to negotiate a ruinous foreign loan. Young France is an Esau-schoolboy who parts with his patrimony to play at soldiers. Must "*la grande nation*" be ever despised as frothy and frivolous? She seeks a leg of Belgium, and a wing of Prussia. What need of either? Her vaults are gorged with wines, which she has no commercial activity to turn into gold. In certain districts, the produce of her vineyards is so teeming in plentiful years, that a large portion of her grapes is condemned to rot under foot. The fault is not in the soil of France, but the lack of energy in her inhabitants. Communication, outlets, honest activity—these are what she wants. Not surely Belgium, unless, per-

haps, to open new markets. But the markets there are open already. There is no prohibitive tariff. Her *eaux-de-vie* and her wines are in great request both in Prussia and in Belgium; and to increase the consumption she should create a population of drunkards. *Honest* activity, I have said—not that which prevails at Paris, and of which the maxim is "*Flouez les Anglais!*" The first requisite for France is a system of Railways connecting the South with the North, and the East with the West. If she have her millions to spare, which is more than problematical, she might think of expending them upon works of lasting national improvement, except in the doomed hypothesis. Strange how one leading idea, too strongly dwelt on, too curiously carried out, obfuscates the minds of men, and determines an access of monomania. Human masses are as their individual components. The Republicans, against whom the Fortification project is plainly levelled, can see no object but the foreign invader, *whose retributive progress they are secretly bent on provoking*. The pre-eminence of England galls them—her cool indifference stirs up the mass of bile within them, and chokes them with envious hate. At whatever cost of blood and treasure, they are resolved to—

——"Feed fat the ancient grudge they bear us."

Overpowered for the moment, they but bide their time.

Fortunately for the peace of the world, M. de Bourqueney's Convention has removed all immediate pretext for war; and the Gordian Knot of fearfully expensive armaments in which M. Thiers bound up France, with the deliberate intention of committing her irrevocably in hostility with the other States of Europe, is (perhaps) at last about to be untied. But the serpent is merely scotched, the "*metuenda corolla draconis*" remains unbruised. That crest will again be erected, hissing for war! A struggle for pre-eminence between France and England I believe to be almost inevitable; and the lightest straw that ever was blown by the winds of Heaven may afford a solid pretext. She will probably shun us at sea, the struggle will be chiefly by land, and the bayonet, not the shell, will decide. She will fall on our allies, and seek to recover the frontier of the Rhine. England's maritime power will afford no solution of the difficulty, and those who speak of it as affecting this question fall into Shakspeare's error in the "Winter's Tale," and discover *seaports on the coast of Bohemia*. Suppose that M. Guizot resist an ulterior clamour for war, the omnipotent press of France can soon raise Thiers again to power. Louis Philippe will not—dare not resist; for brave as he is, he has not an utter contempt of life. Nay more, I believe him to be, after all, no very strenuous opponent of the military views entertained by all other Frenchmen—witness his recent declaration that "Algiers is *for evermore*

French territory,"—witness Governor Bugeaud's *brochure*, notoriously approved by the Court, in which he significantly said:—"*We are arming, and shall still continue to arm* * * * *Our troops must be superior to those of all the rest of Europe*," —and proposed an elaborate plan for the maintenance of enormous masses of cavalry;—witness the conduct of the Prince de Joinville, who upon his return from St. Helena betrayed the lurking hostility to England which pervades every Frenchman's bosom, by clearing his ship for action, declaring that he would sink her rather than yield up the Emperor's remains *to that country which had so cheerfully restored them!* And had the struggle come, the brute and brainless struggle, how truly might England have exclaimed—could France have said as much?

> —"Non nos odium regnique cupido
> Impulit ad bellum!"

Does France, indeed, entertain no views of aggression, hostility, vengeance? What! when Thiers himself declared in the Chamber, the moment he had ceased to be Prime Minister, that France *does* look to the re-conquest of the frontier of the Rhine, the swallowing up of Belgium, and of the Frenchward portion of the Prussian dominions? Wo to our pre-eminent commerce and manufactures, our wealth, resources, and renown, if French preparations for

aggression in any quarter of the globe are to be met by British non-intervention! The prudence of cowardice is the usher of shame, and the herald of national calamity. The tearing in pieces of the definitive territorial treaties of 1815, and the establishment of the Mediterranean as a French Lake—these are objects upon which all Frenchmen—Carlists, Bonapartists, Republicans,—ay, even Dynastic Doctrinaires, are overtly or covertly agreed. The Capitalists alone—a miserable numerical minority—have an interest in the preservation of peace. The petty landed proprietors, amongst whom the soil of France is distributed, are wholly indifferent on the subject. All other classes, without exception, see nothing in war but the chance of prospective gain. Vain schemes of military aggression taint all the views of French politicians. Hence the ready concurrence in the Fortification scheme. They cannot see—not they, for their lives—that Vauban's is destined soon to become a vulgar science amongst them, *practically illustrated to the people,* and that every man in Paris will speedily have artillery within his reach. They are a gay race, and marvellously fond of dancing. Now they dance on a volcano. Presently, if in their longing for a "sensation" they should think of attempting an *émeute*, they will have plenty of "ball practice."

One of two things will occur. When the fortifications approach their completion, the

Parisians will at last perceive their danger. Like wild beasts in an Eastern *battue*, which find themselves begirt with hostile fires, they will make a desperate rush on the six-and-thirty bastilles, by which they will find themselves encompassed. They will either be vanquished or victorious. In the one case, the curb, the snaffle, and the lash, will keep them for a time in subjection. In the other, a Republic, with Thiers for its first President, will rise on the ruins of the short-lived Monarchy, all whose strength is derived from the personal greatness of Louis Philippe. In this event, the aggression upon neighbouring territories, together with its crushing results, will take place more suddenly. But, in either case, the day is not far distant, when the scenes of the Directory and the Mountain will be probably re-enacted—a fresh *debâcle* of society—a fresh effusion of torrents of blood—a fresh distribution of property, the largest portion to the strongest hand—aggressive measures for an extension of territory, which France, self-impelled, self-goaded, cannot fail with her military longings and imperial recollections to aim at—and, lastly, the stern retributive vengeance of what would then, indeed, be a Holy Alliance!

How strange that France, understanding better than any other European country the force of ridicule and the means of applying it, should be so insensible to the ridiculous position in which her late war mania placed her, and the puerile part

especially which she acted towards England! So far from the path of sober discretion may a generous impatience of imaginary insult and an unfortunate misappreciation of facts mislead. To quote what may be deemed the neutral testimony of one of the finest moral poets of Germany, there is a couplet in Rückert's "Pearls," which to my mind admirably illustrates the absurdity of the jealousy by which France is eaten up with regard to England. The original, illustrating the common proverb: "The world is wide enough for both," contains a felicity of diction which it is impossible to present in a poetical form. The literal version is: "Sun and moon give way to one another friendly"—

Es weichen Sonn' und Mond einander freundlich aus;
Selbst ihnen wäre sonst zu eng' ihr weites haus!

RÜCKERT.

Why, jarring mortals, do ye still contend?
Look upward to the high, celestial hall;
There Sun and Moon alternate glory lend;
Wide though their mighty sphere, 'twere else too small!

PEPPER.

It is clear that, giving as I do to our neighbours of the Outre-Manche the option of likening France to either Sun or Moon, I cannot be fairly charged with striving to "*take the shine out of*" that noble country. In truth, I most deeply deplore that the pleasantest people amongst whom I have ever lived should be thus for ever bitten by a sort of *morbus pedicularis* which constantly brings them "to the scratch" upon all pretences,

or none—like so Scaramouches, tearing themselves to tatters in a rage about nothing at all. We hear much of "French Propagandism," and the dissemination of liberal principles of Government. Divested of the tinsel, this means to propagate the itch for fighting—a sorry infection, characteristic of schoolboys only, not of men. Let us hear no more of these trumpery pretexts for war. All manner of emulation between us, if you will, but only in honourable intellectual strife, in the materials of moral power and greatness, in the ennobling arts of an industry worthily directed. In these be our enthusiasm concentred, to these be our energies applied. In the words of our own immortal Shakspeare—

> "What rub, or what impediment is there
> Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
> Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
> Should not in France put up her lovely visage?
> Alas! she hath from France too long been chased *
>
> They grow, like savages—as soldiers will
> That nothing do but meditate on blood—
> To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,
> And every thing that seems unnatural!"

Most sincerely do I echo Queen Isabel's humane and tender wish:—

> "That English may as French, French Englishmen,
> Receive each other! God speak this—Amen!"

CHAPTER II.

Bird's-eye View of France and her Society.—Opposite Sides of the Picture.—Bellicose Baboonery.—How to pass for a "rational Englishman."—Midas's Barber.—French *Feuilletoniste*: Monsieur Millemains.—A Republican "Foolometer;" Monsieur Foudre de Guerre.—An agreeable Companion.—Personal Sketch of Jeune France.—Secret History of the Origin of the *Marseillaise* Frenzy.—A Knot of Stock-robbers.—Summary of the Progress of the "Patriot Hymn."—Scandalous Desecration of a Church.—Intrusion of the *Marseillaise* into Professorial Lectures and Theological Theses.—Moderate Conduct of the English Residents in Paris.—Immense Patriotic Munificence! —Original Version of the *Marseillaise*.

It is my fortune or misfortune to have spent much of my time in France, and to have been amused and disgusted by the volatility and filthiness of her people. Of the three W.s for which Byron confessed a penchant, I dearly love her Wine and Wit, but have no great predilection for her Women. I admire her cuisine, her wines, her fruits, and the sunny aspect of her Mediterranean sea-board. I like the picturesque costumes of Normandy, Bretagne, Lorraine, and Languedoc. I like the ancient churches, and the modern art. I doat on the districts of Champagne and Bourgogne, more especially for their sparkling and racy products. I like the gaiety of Parisian *salons*, the brilliant conversation, the animated *bon mot*, the cheerful repartee. I

like the language and a portion of the literature. I like the cheapness of living for those who have sufficient *savoir faire* and firmness to prevent their being imposed on. I like to laugh at the monstrosities of French fashion—the stuck-up apes in the tailors' windows, and the living monkeys that strut through the Palais Royal, and prate of "War with England!" And now, having confessed to my circle of likings, let me not be required to define my dislikes. Let me be forgiven if my Da*guerre*otype have reference chiefly to war, and to the wing-clappings, crowings, and flutterings which have marked the period since, spurred and crested, "*avolavit Gallus Gallinaceus.*"

During the greater part of the last eighteen months, I have constantly resided in Paris, and closely watched the antics of the bellicose baboon. I have silently looked on from my solitary post of observation, entering little into discussion with the babbling politicians around me, further than was necessary to keep me duly informed upon all points. My language in society was usually monosyllabic—confined, indeed to such dubious, yet encouraging, particles as, "*Hein!*" "*Mais oui!*" "*Quoi donc?*" "*Eh, he!*" "*Dame!*" "*Bon!*" "*Si, si,*" "*Très bien,*" with unlimited shrugs of the shoulders. By this means I obtained the character of an excellent listener, and, indeed, of "the only rational English resident in Paris." Possibly there were

some who thought me egregiously stupid—an *imbécille*—a *nullité*. However this be, I was no wet blanket to damp their outspoken enthusiasm, or dull their ceaseless clatter of tongues. "*Ce bon Pepère,*" (as they mangled my name) was admitted to an unlimited confidence. I am now in the position of Midas's barber when he was intrusted with an intimate knowledge of that personage's asinine qualities. He gave his secret to the reeds—I give mine to my readers.

Amongst my French acquaintances, there were two, and two only, with whom I maintained intimate relations—men of observation both, but of very opposite characters. A number of their remarks are here and there recorded in the following pages. One of these, Millemains, is an eminent literary man and an extremely active *feuilletoniste*, a rational patriot, a moderate politician, a wit, and a keen observer. He is closely shaven, and his appearance presents nothing remarkable. In fact, he might make a very passable Englishman. My other French friend is the redoubtable Foudre de Guerre; a military hero of renown, if the yearnings of his nature had not been frustrated by destiny. His hopes are in a renewal of the Imperial campaigns—perhaps, in a social *bouleversement* (though he has never distinctly revealed to me his opinions as to the extreme extension of the Communist theories), but at all events in the rapine, and rise to superior command, which he anticipates

from a succession of wars of aggression. In the streets he wears a steeple-crowned hat very much curled at the brim, a rope and tassel round it—the latter mingling with a mat of greasy hair.—He sports a ferocious military beard, and moustaches curling fierce defiance, so as effectually to hide both mouth and chin. He takes a prodigious quantity of black snuff; smokes, too, prodigiously, and spits his saliva into your face; drinks huge messes of soup without turning up his moustache, has had frequent colds in his head throughout the winter, seldom carries a handkerchief, and is altogether a most accurate personification of the patriots of Young France. Here you have him in his usual dishabille. As

may be supposed, I kept Foudre de Guerre frequently near me, to serve upon Sidney Smith's principle as a *foolometer;* and, as I trust will be perceived throughout these sheets, he has materially assisted me in gauging his furibund countrymen.

Slightly to alter the words of the pious Æneas, in recounting events "*quæque ipse* RIDICULA *vidi,*" I shall begin with the wrath of Juno—I would say of Jeune France—a long-haired personage of low stature, slender dimensions, frail character, great volubility, and everything feminine but the face—a face of hideous ugliness. To the nose of a Kalmuck add the mouth of a Malay, the eyes of a ferret and the teeth of a rat, complete the physiognomy with a simial brow, a complexion of speckled saffron, and hair that smells and hangs like candles fresh from the vat —clap the head thus garnished upon a body somewhere about four feet six in height, eked out with an inch and a half of boot-heels—festoon the face with all manner of barber's antics in hair, and compass the numerous puddings beneath within a corset—

"Goats in their visage, women in their shape"—

paste scanty remnants of broad-cloth on the back and limbs, both thickly padded—torture the feet in Chinese *caligulæ*, and surmount the head with a mottled greasy hat—add plenty of strut and little brains—and there's Young France.

Upon the evening of that eventful day which brought to Paris the London post laden with the astounding intelligence that the Four Powers had dared to sign a Treaty of Alliance for the settlement of the complicated affairs of the Levant, to the exclusion of that majestic sublimation of intellectual and physical energy which calls itself "*la grande nation*," I happened to be at the Opera, and to be an eye-witness to the birth of the *Marseillaise* frenzy. As I do not intend to trouble my readers with details which they may have already met in the London newspapers, I shall not enter into any particulars of the small knot from which the cry for the *Marseillaise* first proceeded, the vehemence with which the cry was presently re-echoed by thousands, the uprising of the entire audience, the appearance of an "*agent de la force publique*" upon the stage, who declared that the *Marseillaise* could not be sung by the corps, since it was not included in the programme, the hooting of this person off the boards, and the subsequent "intonation of the majestic hymn," by the entire audience, who sent it spinning through the length and breadth of France. I shall not attempt to describe how indignant shouts of "*La Guerre!*" arose from guard-room and canteen, or how the legless veteran stalked forth from the Invalides, weeping at the insult offered to his country, and shouldered his crutch to belabour England. But I shall introduce a most

important piece of unrecorded history, to which I myself was an eye-witness. Immediately before the commencement of the performance, I turned into Tortoni's to take an ice,—

"My custom always of an afternoon,"—

and there I beheld a knot of stock-jobbers assembled in a corner, concocting some scheme with the subdued enthusiasm of a band of earnest conspirators, of which, having peculiarly sharp ears, I readily gathered the purport from hearing these words dropped, at ragged intervals, by numerous voices:—"*Mais oui, à l'Opéra*"—"*La Marseillaise*"—"*Guerre aux Anglais*"—"*Chûte des fonds—abaissement générale*"—"*Sensation universelle*"—"*Ca ira à travers de la France.*" I knew my men—*boursichippeurs* (stock-robbers) all—I saw that it was a meditated scheme of sham-patriotic plunder. I went to the Opera,

and witnessed its fulfilment. I strolled through the Bourse on the following day, and saw the knot of the previous evening chuckling together with radiant faces. They had managed a most lucrative "transaction" in the interval. The "national demonstration" was the cover of a scheme of peculation and plunder. How the war frenzy received its first impulse, never appeared in the French journals; the revelation, forsooth, would be derogatory to the national "honour." It is well, however, that the truth should be recorded at last. How the rogues must have chuckled as they saw the huge bubble ascend—the monster-balloon inflated at their own gasometer, and followed in its flight by the eyes of the intellectual mob! History will vindicate

herself, and lay at the door of swindling scoundrelism this "voluntary outburst of national indignation." My testimony in this matter is confirmed by that of an Italian writer in the *Gazzetta Piemontese*, who uses these significant words:—"*Questa era cosa combinata: annunziavasi publicamente al Caffè Tortoni!*"

As all France is nose-led by the Parisian populace, so does the Grand Opera set the fashion to all the minor and provincial theatres. The Théâtre Français, the Opera Comique, the Palais Royal, the little Boulevard theatres, all instantaneously caught the contagion. At the Batignolles Theatre, in the vicinity of Paris, the *Marseillaise* was vehemently called for, and intoned, not by the audience only, but by the *corps dramatique*. It was also sung upon the same evening at several of the public balls in Belleville and its neighbourhood, a great resort of the Parisians, as well as through the public streets of that commune. Upon the same day, before the departure of the last railway train from Corbeil for Paris, it was sung by a numerous crowd waiting for the carriages to set out. "Several Germans," says the *National*, "upon this occasion took up with great energy the *refrain* of our National Hymn." This was probably done either in mockery, or through prudential considerations, or from a liking for the piece itself, which as a musical composition is exceedingly spirited. The small village of Saint-Cloud, which is rendered

so attractive to the Parisians by its park and fountains, had also its "patriotic manifestation." On the *Sunday* several artists, who were making an excursion on the Seine, (an excursion on the Seine *by water*, as some of the newspapers were at the trouble to inform their readers,) amused themselves by performing a concert on the way. At the moment of their passing under the bridge at Saint-Cloud, the spectators, who were assembled in great numbers over the parapets, demanded the *Marseillaise*, which the musicians immediately executed; "whereupon," said Mons. Thiers's journals, "the embarcation was loudly, unanimously, and most enthusiastically applauded."

At the several theatres of the Parisian Boulevards, the *Marseillaise* was called for upon many successive evenings, and hailed with vociferous shouts of applause. The authorities, however, here proscribed the singing of the words on the stage, the audience being composed of the most inflammable materials. *En revanche*, the people at these theatres took up the "majestic hymn" themselves each evening, protesting against the "unjustifiable proscription," and intoning it of their own accord. On the Monday evening, at the Folies Dramatiques (appropriate name!) the audience sang the *Marseillaise* at each brief interval during which the curtain was down, and the orchestra each time blew up and scraped together an instrumental accompaniment to the

voluntary performed by the audience, which accorded its thanks to MM. the buglers and fiddlers by a "vast sensational manifestation of unanimously fervent *applaudissemens*."

The republican press meanwhile swelled the diapason of vengeful hate, for no decent pretext of guilt or shadow of crime, against "*perfide Albion*." The bloodhounds were let loose over the length and breadth of France. At Lyons and at Rouen the most frantic "demonstrations" took place; and at Marseilles the British Consul was insulted by the assemblage of a large and ferocious mob in front of his house, who continued to sing the *Marseillaise* for several hours, varying their performance by demoniac shouts of "*à bas les Anglais!*" and "*mort aux Anglais!*" The grinning of these fellows—the average French countenance being, perhaps, the ugliest type of humanity—is described by the inmates of the Consulate as having been of the most disgusting description.

At Blois, in the Loire et Cher, the theatre was thronged to the ceiling upon the *Sunday*, and the *Marseillaise* was vociferously called for, when a favourite actor came forward on the stage, with a tri-coloured flag in his hand, and sang the popular hymn, says the *Courrier* of the district, in a manner to recal the period of 1793. The *Journal of Tours* announced that on *Sunday* (all their blackguardism is vented on the Sunday) the *Marseillaise* was called for at the

theatre, and sung with the utmost enthusiasm, an universal desire being exhibited by the population "to avenge the national insult!" At Amiens (quoth the *Journal of the Somme*) the news of "*perfide Albion's*" treachery was received with astonishment, indignation, dismay! The

Marseillaise was sung in every street and alley, and the most enthusiastic manifestations were made by the inhabitants "against the insolence of the Holy Alliance, and the odious violence, piracy, and bad faith of perfidious England!"

I might fill whole sheets with similar details. Suffice it to state, that, with slight and almost imperceptible variations, the same scenes were enacted in every quarter of France. I shall

only cull a few of the more striking passages. In the district of the Dordogne, a church was desecrated by the interpolation of this firebrand chorus in the midst of divine service. It was the feast of the patron saint of the village; and the amateur vocalists in the orchestra manifested their veneration for the Deity, and their respect for the religious sentiment, by suddenly changing the "*Sanctus—Hosannah in Excelsis!*" during the elevation of the host, to the vengeful and sanguinary *Marseillaise!!!*

No *diligence* was whipped out of the court-yard of an hotel, no railway train despatched upon its line, no packet-boat set in motion upon river or canal, without a waving of tri-coloured kerchiefs and a roaring forth of the *Marseillaise*. In the Parisian colleges it cut short the professor's lecture; and the chymist Orfila had it thundered about his ears while publicly demonstrating in the Ecole de Médecine. Nay, at an Ecclesiastical College it was raised in the very midst of a theological thesis!!

About the same time, the Parisian Boulevards were thronged nightly with *gamins* in blouses, singing the *Marseillaise*, and shouting for war with England. One of these groups, consisting of about *forty individuals linked arm in arm*, went down the Boulevard des Italiens, and when they arrived in front of the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, cried out, "*La guerre! La guerre!*" This gathering, becoming extremely violent, was after some time dispersed by the

guard posted in front of the Ministry, assisted by a patrol of municipal guards and a body of *sergens de ville*. The ringleader, a working compositor, was arrested. As Editors are at the bottom of every movement in France, the compositor thought fit to place himself at the head.

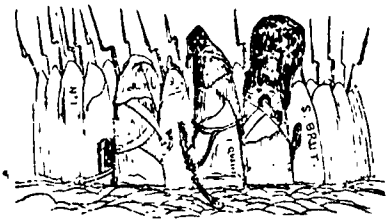
If all this was a drug to the moderate French themselves, it was an intolerable dose to the English residents. Insults became "plenty as blackberries," and even personal collisions were occasionally witnessed. I must do my countrymen the justice to say that, under very trying circumstances, they exhibited the most commendable forbearance and temper—treating the swaggering blusterers around them with quiet contempt, and the smiling apostrophe,—

"Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella!

It is this cool indifference on the part of the British nation at large, that has exacerbated so bitterly the feelings of the French against us. No doubt they are desperately affronted, and the reason is simply—because we have despised the pother in their press. It is just as in private quarrels. You will see a mannikin, three feet high, jabber all day long at a great sturdy giant, who could clap a score like him in his left breeches-pocket, while the giant coolly smokes his pipe the while. You will see a cur-dog snapping at the heels of a brewer's horse, which quietly spirts the mud in the cur-dog's eyes.

Of course, both cur-dog and mannikin feel deeply affronted!

Coeval with this public exhibition of mingled folly and insanity, was the nonsense of the ministerial journals announcing the contribution of sundry separate five-franc pieces to the maintenance of France in a war against Europe!! Throughout the whole hey-day of Mons. Thiers's war-fever, these bellicose subscribers of four shillings and two-pence per man signalized their bloodthirsty propensities and their love of Frenchified fame at the same time, by communicating to the different journals their intended allocation of the specified sum to the service of the State, in the event of a war. These were chiefly National Guardsmen—members of the Grocer Legion and Sugarloaf Brigade. The



contrast between the pompous announcement of the proffered aid, and the pigmy amount at the close, was peculiarly Gallican and ridiculous. Some there were who went to the length of 100 fr. (£4); and had this enormous sacrifice justified in the government papers by a record of the circumstance that the donation proceeded from landed proprietors!!! The following is

a fair specimen of these parsimonious heroes:—The *Moniteur* announced that a person named Rouillon, resident at Sorjay, had written to the French War Minister, engaging to pay down the sum of 100 fr. so soon as hostilities should commence, and to renew the payment of this sum of £4 sterling *at the end* of every year during which the war, which he expected by this mighty mite to expedite, should continue. This unparalleled act of pecuniary prodigality was enhanced by the supplementary announcement in the *Moniteur*, that the *quoad pecuniam* reckless Rouillon was a landed proprietor! The same Government again informed France, Europe, and the world, that M. Graux, a *cultivateur* at Versigny, had placed at the disposition of Mons. Thiers one of his *heavy* farm-horses for the service of the *light* dragoons (it was so formally expressed), with £4 in addition, to be paid "like shot" in the event of a war breaking out before a particular period. The date assigned for the patriotic outlay was somewhat ludicrous, it being in truth "the 1st of April, 1841," whence it is reasonable to infer that Graux was a "*gros* farçeur." About the same time, M. Triboulet, posting-house-keeper at Fécamp, in the Seine Inférieure, placed at the disposition of the Government one of his horses, ready harnessed, to be made use of in the event of France going to war with the Four Powers:—

> "Oh! oh! qu'il était beau,
> Le postillon de Longjumeau!"

My readers will now be probably anxious to form some idea of Delisle's "majestic hymn," as it is phrased, which produced such astonishing effects. Many English versions of it have appeared—but none of them is to my taste. I here present an almost literal translation of it, imbued with a very slight tinge of burlesque :—

THE MARSEILLAISE.

I.

Allons, enfants de la patrie !
French patriots now their breads are bûttering ;
Right in our eyes *la tyrannie*
Its *sacré* gory standard's fluttering !
Entendez vous throughout our plains
How those ferocious soldiers bellow ?
They come to dash out Gallic brains (?)
And cut the throat of many a fellow !

CHORUS :—*Aux armes, citoyens !*
Formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons, march on to slaughter !
With their blood impure your furrows water !

II.

What means that bigot *horde d'esclaves ?*
Traitors, and Kings, all *conjurés ?*
What ! Shall *la France, peuple de braves,*
Be menaced by *perfides Anglais ?*
Frenchmen ! 'tis you, *ah, quel outrage !*
You, who so oft have beat the Briton !
Oh, makes it not each breast *sauvage ?*
'Tis you, 'tis you he dares to threaten !

Aux armes, citoyens !
Formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons, march on to slaughter !
With their blood impure your furrows water !

III.

Tremblez, tyrans! Ay, tremble now
Both for yourselves and the plots you scheme on.
Tremblez! for you and they, I vow,
Shall meet with a fate you little dream on!
Tout est soldat! Yes, d——n your eyes!
Though fall to the earth our stripling heroes,
Oh! think won't thousands thence arise,
Tout prêts to smite the banded Neros!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, march on to slaughter!
With their blood impure your furrows water!

IV.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes
Lay on, or reserve your *trenchants coups.*
Spare, heroes! spare those sad *victimes*
Armed with reluctance *contre vous!*
But those *despotes sanguinaires*,
Those *sacrés* god-dem wasps *Anglais*,
That a Frenchman's equal to a score of,
Sabre them all *sans pitié!*
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, march on to slaughter!
With their blood impure your furrows water!

V.

The lists we'll enter, here we swear,
When that our dads they all are diddled;
We there shall find their *poussière*,
With proofs of how they've fought and fiddled!
Less anxious to survive our time
Than to share their glorious shroud and coffin,
We'll ev'n enjoy the pride sublime
To avenge them, or be stuck as often!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, march on to slaughter!
With their blood impure your furrows water!

VI.

Amour sacré de la patrie !
Sustain our arms 'gainst base contenders,
Liberté ! Liberté cherie !
Fight by the side of thy defenders !
Beneath our flag bid *la Victoire*
Run, whipped in by thy Gallic accents ;
And may *ton triomphe, nôtre gloire,*
Be writ in the blood of the scoundrel Saxons !
Aux armes, citoyens !
Formez vos bataillons !
Marchons, marchons, march on to slaughter !
With their blood impure your furrows water !

CHAPTER III.

Thiers in Office.—His Taste for Display.—His Southern Extraction.—His more than Equivocal Origin.—Tailorly Reforms.—Madame Dosne, Thiers's political Egeria.—Official Statistics.—Reign of Under-Petticoat the First.—Thiers and the "Secret Funds."—His "*Exploitation*" of Napoleon; *Mot* of a Legitimist Countess thereupon.—Dynastic Aspirations of the "Little Great Man."—The Fall of Thiers.—Quarrel between Louis Philippe and the Historian of the Revolution.—Advance of 500,000 fr. to Thiers out of the Civil List at the Period of his accepting Office.—M. Thiers's Control of the Telegraphic Despatches.—His Memorandums and Lord Palmerston's Rejoinders.—Depression of Thiers's Popularity as a Political Historian.—Connexion of this Circumstance with his Loss of Office.—His Coquettings with the Noblesse of the Nouveau Régime.—Conversation with Foudre de Guerre and Millemains on the Dandyism of Diplomacy.—The *ultima ratio* of Frenchmen.

Poor little Thiers! So bespattered and bedevilled by the German Burschen—upon my soul I pity you! Why, what in the name of consistency should have tempted you to a Transrhenane trip? You of all earthly inhabitants—you the plucker of Deutschland by the beard, the contemner of her chivalry, and uprouser of her pith and spirit—you that, had she no more blood than circles in a turnip, no more warmth than dwells in an iced cucumber, had set it all in motion! And set in a whirl it was. "*Nein!*

the French shall not have it, the free German *Rhein!*" roared out Becker; and fifty thousand voices, outswelling Rheingau, out-topping Drachenfels, responded *Nein!* How did you like their serenading, Adolphus of Gascony? The *Schwertlied* and the *Vaterland* made sad havoc with your nerves, and soon set you hopping back "over the border." Poor Adolphaninny! Why, mannikin of Gaul, your very name excites contempt in the Teutonic. THIERS, "*animal!*" It is so literally, as any German Lexicon will inform the uninitiated, and here is an appropriate passage from a fine poem by Freiligrath; a poem, too, touching a sort of "Eastern Question:"—

> Seht, er dammert schon! ermuth'gend
> Grüsst ihn meines THIERS gewieher.
>
> *The East grows red!* the proud-necked steed salutes the morn with neighing,
> Loud crows the cock, THE LITTLE ASS sets up a furious braying!
>
> PEPPER.

No sooner was Theirs installed as Prime Minister in the Foreign Office, on the memorable First of March, 1840, than he proceeded to put his establishment, which was before *en grand seigneur*, on a prouder footing, and incontestably *en prince*. He was bent on proving that, in spite of his five feet four inches (a measurement rather stretched in his favour), he was in reality a Great Minister. Rarely had Paris seen so magnificent an *ameublement*—so gorgeous a suite,

so extensive a retinue. He had carried to the metropolis many years before, from the borders of the Mediterranean, much of the luxurious and showy tastes which distinguish the South, which hover amidst the ruins of antique classic grandeur at Nismes and Marseilles, and dovetail readily with the bombastic dash of Gascony. His Southern extraction was one element more which Monsieur Thiers conceived to justify his self-comparison with Napoleon; and palatial magnificence was pushing the parallel. It must be confessed that there is but little in his features to justify the comparison, even when wearing his well-known snigger of triumph, as in the accompanying portrait. The exaggerated is too

often mistaken for the heroic; and the only remark which the new Minister's splendour drew from the Ambassador of a great Northern power was: "*Corbleu! le foutriquet se loge bien.*"

So besieged was the Hotel of Foreign Affairs for the first fortnight with *tapissiers*, upholsterers, and tailors, that up to that moment the President of the Council seemed to have presided over nothing but a select Committee of trades-

men, and the little gentleman's genius to have been entirely concentrated upon conceiving and maturing the grandest measures—of livery! The superfine reformer had seen no reform more urgent or more useful than that of his valets' inexpressibles; and his vaunted new and extended ideas of government were confined to the regulation of his antechamber, his grooms and his lacqueys.

Monsieur Thiers's more than equivocal origin made all this very absurd. The son of Madeleine Amic (for the lady still bore her maiden name when he was born) had no particular precedent for assuming fastidious airs; and, when the order was issued that the livery of "*ses gens*" should be entirely renewed and altered *cap-à-pie*, he gave a pretext to his opponents for the too obvious sneer, that it was only in respect of coats and colours that Thiers had enthroned a new system.

His Journals chronicled the important intelligence that all the domestics at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs were dressed in black—*habits noirs à la Française*—black breeches with exterior garters, silk waistcoat, silk stockings, and dress shoes with buckles, while the *huissiers* and *valets de chambre* all wore powder. Who could deny that M. Thiers had advanced ideas? As to the *poudre*, said the Opposition, it was plain that Thiers was fond of throwing it in the eyes of the public; and if his livery was *à la*

Française, it was not so evident that his policy would be so.

The war party, not yet assured of the sincerity of Thiers's bellicose tendencies, ridiculed the frivolous pursuits with which he frittered away the precious moments which followed his advent to power. Yet he was evidently far from neglecting to *exploiter* (after his own fashion) the gravest and most important question of the day. To show that his whole soul was occupied with the Eastern Question, he adorned his own apartments and those of his spouse with Turkey carpets and ottomans, divans and damask hangings, and numerous other objects of Asiatic pomp and luxury.

Apropos of these splendours of Monsieur Thiers's ministerial *ménage*, the following estimate appeared in the newspapers of the day :—

"It is calculated that M. Thiers has been Minister, altogether, during a period of 1427 days, or three years, four months, and twelve days, for which he has received of the public money 306,000 francs."

This little bit of statistics gave rise to some observations. How was it possible, deducting the necessary expenses attendant on the establishment of a Minister, that Thiers could have found the means of displaying, in the furnishing and all the accessaries of his Hotel, a more than Oriental magnificence, of travelling, when he last resigned the reins of power, with a *train de*

prince, of providing himself with extensive picture galleries, and cabinets of curiosities, purchasing stately villas, and transforming into a palace his residence at the Place St. George? Add the most magnificent equipages and stately teams in Paris—English and Arabian horses and Andalusian barbs, barouches and calèches, landaus and chariots of the most exquisite workmanship in summer, sledges drawn by coal-black steeds, or matchless grays, in winter. And all this out of 300,000 francs (£12,000), extending over a ministerial epoch of three years and a half. Unquestionably, this could not be accomplished without excellent management. "*Ah, mais*," said Foudre de Guerre, when I expressed my astonishment at this circumstance, "*M. Thiers se vante de posséder un art tout particulier de grouper les chiffres!*"—"The *Telegraph*," said Millemains, "is in itself a fortune."

Upon the Saturday succeeding his appointment to the Presidency of the Council, Thiers came down to the Chamber with a demand for an extraordinary credit:—"*Bon*," said Foudre de Guerre, "*cela commence bien.* Scarcely eight days old, and the first movement of our newborn ministerlings is to hang from the nipples of the budget!"

The following Monday was fixed for the discussion on the "secret funds."—"Our official knaves," said the same authority, "esteem nothing so much as the *fonds secrets*."—"Except

the *fonds publics!*" was the rejoinder of Millemains. The *Constitutionnel* announced that Thiers himself would address the Chamber in support of his demand for an enlarged amount of secret service money. "There is no one more capable," said a Doctrinaire, "of *exhausting* that question!" It was a great mistake of Thiers to make the unconstitutional procedure of calling for an increase of the public money, to be disbursed without accounting either to the Chamber or to any other human authority, the starting-post of his administration. What a field of honour to initiate his Government campaign!

During the first blush of Monsieur Thiers's tenure of office, a circumstance was related of him which sufficiently illustrates the heartlessness of official men. M. Leon Faucher, a publicist of some eminence, who contributes a good deal to the *Courrier Français*, was for a short time upon the most intimate footing with Thiers. The President of the Council was said to have done nothing without consulting him. His *petit mot* was in all Thiers's despatches; and the joke ran that "Faucher governed the world, conjointly with Thiers." All this time Faucher was a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and the probabilities were greatly in favour of his being returned. One day the "journalist-dictator" penetrated into the Prime Minister's cabinet, with an enormous bundle of papers under his arm; and was pro-

ceeding to talk of business, when Thiers cut him short by asking him his name and business! The election had taken place in the interim, and Faucher's rival was returned.

In the subsequent discussion in the Chamber on the Secret Service Money, Thiers spoke much of a "*fund* of patriotism," "a *fund* of sincerity," "a *fund* of independence." "*Farçeur!*" said a Doctrinaire in a loud whisper, "*et cela à propos des fond secrets!*" During the course of the debate there was every symptom of Thiers being overwhelmed on this preliminary question by a large majority. "Eh! eh!" said a well-known Legitimist leader; "It reminds me of the English Duke of Clarence drowned in a butt of Malmsey. I am greatly mistaken if Thiers will feel much displeasure at being *buried in the secret funds!*" In France, remarks like these sting from their known *vraisemblance*.

At the first mention of Thiers's master-stroke of Charlatanism, his *exploitation de Napoléon*, a Carlist Countess perpetrated rather a felicitous *mot*. "Henceforth," said she, "the phrase should be, not 'throwing dust,' but 'throwing *ashes* in the eyes of the people.'" The little mock-Napoleon's elevation completely turned his head, and gave him a vertigo. He thought himself at times a Mazarin, at times a Richelieu. Lamartine nettled him terribly in his speech on the translation of the Emperor's remains, by saying: "We want no parodists of Napoleon." Yet, with

inconceivable assurance, Thiers remarked to his friends that the Poet had mistaken a word, and instead of "parodist" should have used the term "imitator." In allusion to his diminutive stature, he is fond of quoting a line from the Thebaid of Statius, descriptive of Tydeus, which our Pope used also sometimes to quote:—

"Major in *exiguo* regnabat corpore virtus."

Thiers has portraits of Pepin-le-Bref and Hugh Capet (both very little men) in his splendid salons, and his keen and vivid eyes are fond of resting on these pictures. "Perhaps," said Millemains to me one day that I adverted to this peculiarity of Thiers, "he dreams at times of a dynasty to be founded and purple worn—like Pepin and Capet; for no man can measure the depth of Monsieur Thiers's thoughts any more than of his pockets. *Qui sait!*"

Thiers's personal and administrative character reflect very perfectly the leading vices of his countrymen. The extravagant, the showy, and the stilted, "irrespective of morality," as Mr. Tooke, *not* of Finsbury, would say, were the little great man's perpetual aim; and his was a dangerous vanity—as much more so than that of Eratostratus as the world is wider than the "Ephesian dome." It is now notorious that his resolute design was to precipitate France into a war with all Europe, no matter how frivolous the pretexts, how groundless the jealousy which he

magnified so monstrously through his press, or how reckless and enormous the outlay which his inflated conceptions engendered. His hyperbolically costly armaments, before seeking the authorization of the Chamber, in a country calling itself Constitutional, will remain through all time a brazen monument of inconceivable effrontery. He had palpably but one object—

——"quocunque modo rem"—*inisci*—

to insinuate the name of Thiers the Gascon into a paragraph in that same page of the History of the World which records the exploits of Napoleon the Emperor—and perchance to outstrip even him by becoming what not even he could prove himself—*the humbler of England!*

How paltry and contemptible by the side of such lofty aims were the agencies which Thiers employed—shuffling, trickery, treachery, circumvention—all the brittle armoury of strutting incapacity:—Perrier and Walewsky despatched to Mehemet Ali to negotiate a French settlement of the Question, in defiance of a solemn pledge of non-interference given to the Four Powers; French emissaries swarming in Syria and Egypt, written to by Thiers's own hand, *and no copies kept of the correspondence;* French ships of war covertly commissioned to hover on the skirts of our West India islands, and pounce on them at the first declaration of hostilities, though the South American coast was the destination assigned to

them in reply to the explanation demanded by our Ambassador—the Balearic Isles marked out for robbery as a measure of mere expediency—an extension of the French territory aimed at in every act, though in every official document most strenuously disclaimed—such were the great, yet petty villanies of Thiers the Trickster!

The Gascon betrayed his nature in every action. "The pear is ripening!" he would exclaim in the midst of his officials, and draw himself up to his full height of *five feet nothing, or thereabouts*, folding his arms, Napoleon-wise, and protruding his abdomen in lieu of his chest, as he contemplated his own approaching handiwork:

"Emersura brevi flagrantia bella per orbem!"

His little vanity burst forth in an incautious revelation which Thiers during his Premiership was weak enough to make to one of his familiars. "I married too soon for my political fortune. If I were a *garçon* still, *J'épouserais la Princesse Clementine.*"

Foudre de Guerre made a remark thereanent which well illustrates the habitual profanity of familiar French conversation, and which will not bear translation: "*La Princesse doit cette préférence à ce que Dieu le père n'a pas de fille à marier!*"

I know not whether M. Thiers be so entirely under the guidance of his mother-in-law, Ma-

dame Dosne, as was universally alleged in the Parisian Salons; but the fact is so, or public fame is an unconscionable liar. I have heard men enjoying the best opportunities of acquiring accurate information describe Madame Dosne familiarly as the Egeria of the "Foutriquet-Pompilius," their contemptuous epithet for Thiers. The disgrace of petticoat-government was roundly alleged, and caricatures appeared, inscribed: "*Au lieu d'un homme une femme d'état.*" The constitutional *mot* applied by Thiers himself to the Orleans dynasty was freely transferred to that of Thiers—"Thiers *reigns,* but does not *govern;*" and his administration was described as that of "Cotillon [under-petticoat] the First."

Thiers having hesitated, when first he met the Chamber, to give a satisfactory *exposé* of his proposed system of Government, internal and external, malicious persons averred that it was because Madame Dosne had not as yet had time to arrange his administrative programme. She was occupied, they said, *préalablement,* with important details of the toilet; but as soon as she had resolved on orange robe, and attained to the *ultimatum* on a rose-coloured *bibi,* she would turn her mind to putting a hem into the Eastern Question, and stitching up a general plan of policy. The affairs of France and Europe were for the moment *chez la couturière!* The ambassadors of foreign powers, who knew

the state of affairs, lay by for the present, being resolved to treat only with *Madame Le Ministre;* and, as the purity of Madame Dosne's Southern *patois* was sufficiently known, their Excellencies, who had previously had to do with Marshal Soult, would not perceive the slightest difference between them.

Her apartments were the best in the Hôtel of the Place St. George, as became "the be-all and the end-all" in the new administration, and the lady permitted not even Thiers's interference in their arrangement, any more than she would his independent voice in the appointment of any one of his own officials. Madame Dosne's *meubles* and *fauteuils* were covered and garnished after her own fashion, as were also the little great man's despatches. She reigned despotic over boudoir

and cabinet. She unwound to her own taste the tangled skein of European diplomacy, darned up the threadbare dignity of France, put hems and flounces in the Eastern Question. Like another Bellona, she strode to the portals of the temple of Janus, and fearless flung them open.

"Impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine verso
Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia postes!"

It is amusing to reflect how invariable in every age has been the sex of the "*teterrima causa belli*," how much of the late transactions has been at bottom attributable to the pique of a "*fœmina furens*"—how crowns have been shaken and big wigs bothered, because this true personification of the predominance of female influence in Parisian Salons

"Audet prima manu tentare pericula belli!"

And here let me record the picturesque description of M. Thiers's government given by an *attaché* of the Austrian Embassy; "An administration of valets de chambre presided over by a groom!"

It was in the very hey-day of his wild and profligate career, squandering millions upon Xerxean armaments, and menacing the repose of the world because Mehemet Ali chose to be an obstinate old rebel, that Thiers was dismissed from power. His fall was contemporaneous with the fall of the leaf; and the countenance of the historian of the revolution for a full month after that event

looked "sere and yellow." It was jocosely observed that Thiers fell only once in 1840, differing in this respect materially from his colleague Sauzet's pantaloons, which are always falling, while his washerwoman recently died of inanition. The Gascon cannot be fairly taxed either with a want of personal cleanliness or with the "*obsoleti sordibus tecti*," for the leading fault of his character is that he is too fond, both in his style of living and his statesmanship, of a prodigal magnificence which must necessarily require immense funds to sustain it, and that, therefore, the charges so often repeated against him of trafficking with the telegraph (considering that he has not one *hectare* of hereditary property) if not founded in truth have at least a show of probability.

There has been a vast deal of ink-shed as to the causes of M. Thiers's *déchéance*. Journalists and Reviewers have written more on this subject than Montesquieu and Gibbon both together on the decline and fall of the Roman power. But, if I am to believe the disclosures made in certain Parisian Salons, they have rather skimmed over the surface than dived into hidden motives—like children, who when they have got hold of a slice of bread and jam, lick off the jam and stop at the bread.

My acute friend, Millemains, gave a pleasant account of the final quarrel between Louis Philippe and Thiers: "It was all," said Mille-

mains, "a difference as to a little point of grammatical construction. In preparing the Address for the opening of the Chambers, M. Thiers, with the revolutionary energy which distinguishes his character, required the insertion of this passage: 'France desires peace; but if she were attacked she would make no scruple of defending herself.' Louis Philippe, frightened by a declaration so decidedly bellicose, and so eminently calculated to enkindle a vast conflagration from one end of Europe to the other, insisted upon the expression being limited thus: 'France makes peace the object of all her wishes; but, if she could not do otherwise, she would not hesitate to draw the sword in her defence.' Here (proceeded Millemains) there is a most critical distinction without a difference. By a sort of compromise a middle phrase was afterwards agreed upon; but when all was believed to have been finally arranged, the difference was revived by means of an unfortunate *comma* which, placed after a particular word, precipitated France into a general war, whereas, suppressed, it opened a door to negotiation. The rupture became definitive upon the occasion of this comma: 'I stand out for my comma,' quoth Thiers. 'You shall not have it,' quoth the Court. M. Thiers thereupon bolted off in a rage, grasping his comma between his clenched fists!"

It is a well known fact that the formation of

the Cabinet of the First of March, with M. Thiers as Premier, was delayed by the following circumstance. Thiers had concluded an agreement with the publisher Paulin for ten volumes of a *History of the Empire* to form the *suite* of his History of the Revolution, and for them he was to receive the enormous price of 500,000f. (£20,000). Thiers made a difficulty of accepting the proffered portfolio, on the ground that if he accepted office he could not complete his history, and his agreement with the publisher must therefore be completely broken off, or its execution postponed indefinitely—a very inconvenient circumstance for Thiers with his habits *de grand seigneur*, seeing that the publisher had promised to advance the greater portion of the money. After much negotiation, M. Thiers being confessedly "the man of the epoch," and a prolongation of the crisis being likely to lead to the most serious results, the 500,000f. were advanced to him out of the Civil List, upon the guarantee of a transfer of an equivalent from the proceeds of the work; and M. Thiers, upon these terms, consented to become the Saviour of his Country!

The foregoing "transaction"—such is the correct diplomatic phrase—is matter of notoriety in every Parisian circle; and the two most celebrated acts of M. Thiers's administration were his purchase of the *Messager des Chambres*, to which journal he transferred the publication of the Telegraphic Despatches and the other official com-

munications of the Government, and his famous memorandums. The rejoinders of Lord Palmerston to these slippery documents, and the commentaries of all impartial-minded men, soon led to the detection of M. Thiers's hollowness and incapacity, and the presumed statesman was convicted of being no better than a Cagliostro. Thereupon the directors of the Civil List became suddenly alarmed. Upon M. Thiers's popularity as a political writer depended the success of his History of the Empire, upon which further depended the repayment of the 500,000f. If M. Thiers's popularity were greatly to decrease, the chance of a large sale would decrease in proportion; and the publisher Paulin would of course avail himself of this circumstance to cancel his agreement. Now M. Thiers's diplomacy in the Eastern Question threatened to become the death of his literature in the "History of the Empire," and his memorandums were likely, in the publisher's opinion, to cost him at least a matter of 50,000 copies of the work. If M. Thiers was suffered to go on with his unfortunate protocolizing, the sale of the work, with the character of the writer, would have probably been utterly ruined; and Louis Philippe was *not* a little determined by this circumstance in conceiving and abiding by his resolution to *brusque* matters with Thiers, and come to an open rupture with him, before the last shred of his diplomatic reputation, and of the chance of being repaid the half mil-

lion of francs was scattered to the winds. The Court accordingly quarrelled with the minister as to the wording of a mere reply to a provincial deputation; and if the dispute was not about so trivial a circumstance as the placing of a comma, it was certainly not so grave that it might not have been amicably arranged, but for the existence of an *arrière-pensée*. M. Thiers was released

from the cares of office, and sent back to the completion of his *Histoire de l'Empire*. Such are the secret, and apparently trivial circumstances, upon which the mightiest events hinge. How grandly the sublimated periods of historians march—how keenly piercing is their glance at motives—how finely deduced their philosophical conclusions—while all the time an I O U, a gambling debt, a personal disrelish, a pimp or a petticoat is the pivot upon which crises turn—the basis upon which eras and dynasties are founded:

"And gospel light first shone from Boleyn's eyes!"

When Thiers was in office, the bureaux of the Hôtel des Capucins were constantly crowded

with young men of the highest rank—scions of the noblest families amongst the Accommodation-Peers—the Pasquiers, the Decazes, &c., who have never thought of seceding to the Faubourg St. Germain, who may be said to be the heads of the living official families of France, and who were too happy, on the one hand, to place their sons for their diplomatic noviciate under M. Thiers's direction, while Thiers, on the other, sought to fortify himself in power by these interested and influential alliances.

The Civil Code in its 385th article declares that parents are bound to provide for the education and maintenance of their children, according to their fortunes respectively. But the budget of Foreign Affairs presents an admirable means to official papas (in France, as elsewhere) of avoiding these troublesome charges. After having most eloquently and virtuously exclaimed against the right which was arrogated to itself by the ancient aristocracy of France to make an exclusive disposal of honours and emoluments, and assimilate the public exchequer to the hereditary patrimony of a caste—after having stigmatised with sublime indignation the flagrant abuses of Nepotism, the place-hunting, shop-keeping, banking, and bankrupt aristocracy of the *nouveau régime* was no sooner planted within the precincts of the Court than it assumed all the exclusiveness, *morgue*, and privileged domination of the by-gone *noblesse de sang*, with none

of its elegance and more than its rapacity. The *Juste-Milieu* aristocracy is entirely of the philosophic school of M. Cousin, having the most profound contempt for vain and empty titles, and esteeming no honours but those which are monetary. "Vulture-wise," according to an expression of Foudre de Guerre's, "they nourish their tender broods at the beak of the budget. *Fiichtre!* like ducks to the water, the moment they chip the egg, these official infants betake themselves to the margin of the official Pactolus. Look into the Almanach Gouvernemental. There you will see that all manner of places are served up as dishes at family dinners. There you will see little Barthes, Decazes, Pasquiers, Debelleymes, Girods de l'Ain, &c. &c., spoon-fed with sinecure pap, and stuffed with the good things of power."

"Our Director of the Mint," said Millemains, "has sown his grain of *Persil* profusely on every official floor in Paris."

Foudre de Guerre laughed Satanically at Millemain's *calembourg*, which was pleasant enough, the name of the Director of the Mint being also French for that most prolific vegetable, "parsley."

"At the present moment," continued Millemains, "our official *moutards* (the slang name for children) are disposed of in diplomatic missions and employments. The Persian embassy is chiefly now in vogue, being composed of young attachés,

who figured previously in the same capacity at the *coulisses* of the Opera. These dandy diplomatists have studied the march of events—in the steps of semi-nude dancers. They have made themselves acquainted with Persia through the Opera of *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, and with the East through the Ballet of *La Révolte au Sérail.*"

I laughed, and remarked that the preparatory instruction of most of our young English diplomatists was nearly of a similar character.

"'*Cre nom de milles diables!*" exclaimed Foudre de Guerre, "these cubs of *gants jaunes* must make vastly grave diplomatists! It comes of this that France is spat upon all the world over! Her Embassies are mere nests of puppyism, and a few handsome *cadeaux* will determine every negotiation as the parties best desire. Hence, wherever our diplomatists appear in the East, we hear of nothing but their being loaded with honours and Turkish pipes, with respectful estimation and Arab coursers, with consideration and Cashmeres, with complimentary phrases and wanton Bayadères! France is disgraced and thrust aside; but the Juste-Milieu fathers of her frivolous representatives have the consolation of saying to themselves—and it is all they care for —"We have *gars* (striplings) of 16 to 18 years of age, that we don't know what to do with. We are obliged to pay for their horses, jockeys, Champagne, and cigars. Let us make diplomatists of them, since diplomacy will enable them

to enjoy all these juvenile follies, without costing a *sou* to the paternal purse."

"Youth," observed Millemains, "being the epoch of expensive tastes, the heads of our official families find it extremely advantageous, and economical at the same time, to quarter the *étourderie* of their sprouting sons upon the Budget."

"It is a good means, *diantre!*" said Foudre de

Guerre, " of dispensing with the necessity of paternal superintendence. *Par exemple*, if one has a son of rather too fiery a character, he has only to attach him to our Embassy at St. Petersburgh. They are sure to curb him there, and make him as supple as you please. A lazy son, who is resolved to do absolutely nothing, will have his capacity exactly suited by attaching him to the Eastern Question. A youth whose conduct is any thing but an honour to his family, is quite good enough to represent France!"

"Our official gentry," observed Millemains, "could not choose for their offspring a more suitable school than that which has *feu* Talleyrand for its patron, and *foutriquet* Thiers for its director, if it be their object that their sons should as early as possible *reflect the virtues of their fathers!* M. d'Argout has despatched one of his progeny to the classic land of Mandarins, to join our new Chinese Embassy. The D'Argout *pied de nez* will flourish favourably in that congenial soil. Amongst our other diplomatic apprentices is a son of our Grand Referendary, the Duc Decazes. This beardless youth is called the Duc de Glucksberg, for a Duke amongst us (unlike the sensible arrangement of England) propagates little Dukes *ad infinitum*. Since France is doomed to be represented by a *rejeton* of the too-celebrated *ex-grand-prévôt*, it is at least consoling to reflect that it will not bear the name of 'Decazes.'"

"*Parbleu*," roared out Foudre de Guerre, "that at least is something gained!"

The *ultima ratio* of a woman is a tear—and, if she be pretty, a very effective one it is. If she wants to screw a hundred-pound-note from her husband, it is a kiss—and this is still more efficacious. A Frenchman's *ultima ratio*, if he be driven to the wall in political argument, is "*la gloire de la grande nation!*" This jabber, aided by a sufficiency of windmill gesticulation, strut, and swagger, would be very potent in setting sensible men asleep, but for the noise by which it is accompanied. Foudre de Guerre illustrated this point very effectively one night, when, after a lengthened discussion on the policy of re-conquering the "frontier of the Rhine," in reply to my slily insinuated "*Cui bono?*" he rushed half way across the room, threw himself into an attitude, and exclaimed: "We have planted our flag at Amsterdam, Brussels, Vienna, and Hamburg, at Madrid, Turin, Rome, and Naples, at Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Moscow. The Empire was European, and shall be European again. *Viendra!*" The only reply to this was to doze on my divan.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Melbourne's Sweeping-brush.—Sham-letter of King Leopold's.—The Britannic Neptune.—The Communists.—*Jeux de Mots*.—Parliamentary Majorities in France.—Prevalent Corruption.—French Notions of English Journalists and Caricaturists.—Lord Palmerston.—Registry of the Birth of the Princess Royal of England.—Encouragement of *Emeutes* and Conspiracies by the French Government.—Proof of this furnished by M. Gisquet's newly-published Memoirs.—Titled Female Spies.—Vanity the Source of universal French Depravity.—Probability of a Change of System if M. Guizot be continued in Power.—Recorded Opinions of this Statesman on the Subject of *Espionage*.—*Mouchards* and Police Agents.—Guizot caricatured as a Dancing-Master.—His Penetration into the Terpsichorean Evolutions of the Court of St. James's.

At the period immediately following the publication of the treaty of July, the Château seemed suddenly determined to depart from what the war party designated its "treacle temperament," and abandon itself to all the transports of an unwonted bellicose ebullition. All Europe was to be revolutionized through the intervention of French Propagandism, and the cotton night-cap was to be flung aside, and replaced by the *bonnet rouge* of other times. The rusty sword was to be drawn from the scabbard, and exhibited in the glare of the noon-day sun, which would have been astounded no doubt at renewing its acquaintance with that meteor of the Empire.

A few days rolled by, and the peace-preserving propensities of the Château were as strongly developed as ever—the warlike flame went out in a smoke—the rusty sword became glued to its scabbard—the hoisting of the *bonnet rouge* was confined to the lip-limit of Revolutionary songs. The King had been merely *trying Thiers.*

The war-party, irritated by this Tantalization—this momentary gratifying of its hopes only to fling them into a more remote and shadowy ground—then heaped in all its Salons the living coals of its vengeance on the head of the devoted Château.

"Malbroock s'en va en guerre"

was ridiculously parodied. The pigmy fœtus of Louis Philippe's valour had proved a miserable abortion—the *pear* "was not yet ripe"—the Citizen King was seized with his accustomed cholic. An absurd story was got up, and fortified by a factitious correspondence in one of the Opposition journals:—The intrepid Château had recoiled, not before a menace of war, a concentration of the forces of the armed Allies, a threat of crossing the Rhine, and violating the sacredness of the French territory—no, but before *a sweeping-brush!* The *quasi*-diplomatic correspondence, which appeared in M. Thiers's own journal, the *Constitutionnel*, was as follows:—

"Lord Melbourne, observing that the armaments are continuing in France, and that M. Thiers's cabinet is going a-head (*pousse en avant*)

has just addressed a letter to the King of the Belgians, in which he informed him confidentially that, if these armaments are continued, he will send and sweep them all away (*on ira balayer tout ça*). Lord Melbourne further requested King Leopold to communicate this letter to the Citizen Court. A council of ministers was held on the spot. A very decided will [Louis-Philippe] holding the famous letter in his hand, and giving it to M. de Remusat to read in full council, expressed his opinion in favour of peace, whilst M. Thiers sustained quite an opposite thesis, arguing as follows: 'If the letter were official, I would discover in it a motive for declaring war immediately; but as it is confidential, I see in it another reason for continuing our warlike preparations.'"

Shortly consequent upon this was the final break between the Château and Thiers, and the summons for the meeting of the Chambers. The story of Lord Melbourne's *balai*, founded on the sham-letter of Leopold, gave rise to numerous *mots* and jokes, and was for some weeks the staple of the Gauche Salons. The Château (it was said) was afraid to cross bayonets with the formidable sweeping-brush of England. The Britannic Neptune had no longer need of his trident to allay the storm of Louis Philippe's valour; it was enough for him to brandish a kitchen-wench's utensil, and exclaim in a sort of travesty of the Æneid:—

"Quos ego ————."

About this time arose into palpable existence a horrible fungous growth of abomination, divided and subdivided into every shade of iniquity—Communists, Communantists, and Communitarians, Humanitarians, Icarians, Egalitarians, Actionnarians and Cabetists. These are but a few straggling branches of the general society of Communists, whose doctrines consist (with slight modifications amongst the varying sects) of the coldest materialism, and the most extravagant exaggeration of a selfish political economy. The professed object of all these societies is a "Community" of human happiness, and this they aim at attaining first through *a community of wives* and property, and next through the destruction of cities, capital, fine arts, architectural decoration, national monuments, public worship, private generosity, every thing in short except their own selfish and animal gratifications—their only deity a Belly-God! Foudre de Guerre once brought me under the rose to a Communist Convention. Such hideous looking wretches I never beheld. A

poissarde was the lecturer, and the foregoing is an exact representation of a knot of her intellectual listeners. "I have an appetite," she exclaimed, "for *un morçeau friand!* Will no one grill me *la tête d'un roi?*" Darmès and Quenisset have illustrated that text! With such materials daily extending, with such corruption burrowing wider and wider—a clinging cancer—within the bosom of French society—what but ferment and fury, turmoil and revolution, and war undying against all that is most sacred and time-hallowed in the estimation of mankind, can be hourly expected? It is a fearful GROUND SWELL portending a mighty storm on which the vessel of the state rides and rocks in France. The long waves, black and foamless, break on every shore in the old and new world, noiseless yet terrible. The strong hand of her Royal pilot still steadily grasps the helm, his eye still holds the compass, but not an angry surge arises, whose curling crest may not sweep him from the deck;

> Nudum remigio latus;
> Et malus celeri sancius Africo,
> Antennæque gemunt! * *
>
> Vix durare carinæ
> Possunt imperiosius
> Æquor!

To turn to a pleasanter theme, the heaviness of John Bull's attempts at wit is a common topic in the Salons of Paris. It has required all my good humour, and, perhaps,

some little readiness of repartee, to "hold my own," as it is phrased, amidst these multiplied attacks. The diplomatic articles of the London journals, most scantily and imperfectly translated into those of Paris, have been the subject of severe and frequently farcical comment. With what *finesse*, what *esprit*, what delicacy of irony (quoth my Parisian assailants) your countrymen perform the task of enlightening us as to our true policy. Then the wit of your writers is so refined. John Bull, affecting the jocose, appears to us precisely like a Rhinoceros attempting to dance upon the tight rope! His fine epigrams are the heavy hits of a boxer in your stomach. He reduces his opponents, as he would soften a beefsteak, with thumps of a beetle. A *spirituelle* Countess informed me one evening that a caricature had made its appearance in London (I know not whether this be true or false) borrowed from the fable of "The Frog striving to make itself as big as the Ox."—"*Ma foi* (said the lady), the allusion appears to me to be as *piquante* as it is ingenious. The frog is France, and England has chosen to personify herself by the Ox—that is to say *the bigger beast!*" In the laugh which followed this *mot* I had no alternative but to join. A mincing dandy hereupon took up the ball and said: "The British Ox may graze contentedly. We flatter ourselves that France has no desire to imitate him. The fable was altogether inapposite."

—"True," said I, "it should have been the Fox and Grapes." The laugh was with me this time; for be it conceded to the French, with all their vanity, that they are as ready to laugh at themselves as at foreigners, law, religion, morality, or any thing else which they hold in equal indifference.

The French is beyond all dispute the most charming conversational language in Europe. This arises in great part from the refinement with which it discriminates the most delicate *nuances* of meaning. Take as an instance the following. The pretensions of a certain individual to the quality of a "literary man" were the subject in dispute. The person maintaining the negative closed the discussion by this acute distinction: "I concede that N. is *intelligent et lettré*—être *intellectuel et littéraire*, c'est bien autre chose."

The difference between the French calembourg and the English pun is that the former is usually allied with wit of thought, while the latter as often betrays its poverty by assuming the shape of a mere verbal quibble. The genuine calembourg is affluent in meaning. Thus M. Guizot once, at a diplomatic dinner, having been much bored by a Spanish *chargé d'affaires* upon his presumed *penchant* for Spanish literature, exclaimed: "*Les lettres d'Espagne!* Mais, mon ami, elles manquent diablement. *Les lettres de change* y sont *les belles lettres!*" Here is a charming calembourg by the Duke of Nemours. The Duc de Glucksberg,

a son of the Duc Decazes, Grand Referendary, and an intimate friend of M. de Nemours, having observed to the latter at a Court Ball, at sight of a well-known Polish beauty: "*Sapristie, j'aime cette femme.*" "*Sept à la fois! Quel Barbe Bleu!*" exclaimed the Prince most felicitously, "*cette*" and "*sept*" being nearly identical in sound.

Parliamentary majorities in France are much less stable things than in England; though the variety of causes which tend gradually to undermine them, render it impossible in any country to reckon upon their continuance with certainty. Public opinion is as variable as the barometer, and the operations which induce a change in the one are as impalpable and imperceptible as the atmospheric action upon the shifting depositary in the other. Both are in all respects *mercurial.* The majority which hailed the accession of Soult and Guizot to power would unquestionably in England be sufficient, with a moderate degree of prudence on the part of the Government, to secure a long tenure of power; but in France it might be reduced to a shadow by secret intrigue to-morrow. There is no occasion for mincing matters; and I here assert, from no imperfect knowledge of facts, my conviction that, independently of a judicious use of Governmental and departmental patronage, Prefectures, Judicatures de Paix, &c. &c., *a liberal distribution of secret gold* would readily break up any majority in the Chamber of Deputies not exceeding 100. The mal-

versations and defalcations which are constantly witnessed in high official situations, the traffickings in newspaper management, in the communications of the Telegraph, and the transactions of the Bourse which hourly occur—the declarations and disclosures made by leading statesmen in the Chambers at utter variance with the contents of their previous official correspondence—all these prove what to an old resident is sufficiently manifest—that the tone of public morality is by a million degrees lower in France than in England, and that venality and peculation in high places are daily laughed at or passed over with a wink or a shrug which here would infallibly lead to an impeachment. There is no pervading sense either of religion or morality to counteract the corrupting tendencies of intrigue; and politics are held to be quite as much a game as they were in England in the time of Queen Anne, while the interests considered to be at stake are little less personal and pecuniary than they were avowedly amongst us in the reign of Charles II.

M. Fonfrède's opinion upon Parliamentary majorities in France is worth recording. "To have a numerical majority," he observes, "is every thing in Parliamentary eyes; but in mine it is an absolute nothing. Had not the Douze-Mai the majority? Had not the Premier-Mars the majority! The majority is a horse whose back will fit itself to every saddle, upon which each intriguer mounts in turn, and which throws them

by becoming restive, or falling under their weight for want of legs to support it." There is a great deal in being able to ride this skittish animal skilfully and boldly, in keeping a firm and easy seat, and curbing it with a free yet powerful hand. Time alone will disclose whether Guizot is a Centaur.

Of the accurate notions of England which are held by the lower orders of the French here is a specimen: Being very much nettled once by the anti-British insolence of a drunken driver of a Versailles *coucou*, who harped upon the old theme: "*Les Anglais ne sont que de petits enfans pour faire la guerre*," I retorted with: "*Pourquoi, donc, votre grand géant s'est-il laissé pourrir dans St. Hélène?*" Any allusion to the "rotting of Napoleon in a desert island" is of course a deadly offence in France. I perceived by the fellow's look that he could have assassinated me with a pin's point. He rather dreaded, however, a personal collision; and presently came out, amidst the assenting nods of the passengers, with: "*Les Anglais ne mangent que des pommes de terre chez eux; et ils viennent en France pour manger le pain blanc!!*"

An absurd impression prevailed in France during the period of which I am now recording my reminiscences, that Lord Palmerston is an overdressed, highly scented, frivolous person. This impression was naturally conveyed by the accustomed derisive remarks of the English

journals opposed to his Lordship's policy. His conduct, however, in connexion with the Treaty of July, considerably remodelled their estimate of his capacity. If his Lordship be a Sardanapalus, they confessed that like Sardanapalus he could display at the fitting time no ordinary vigour. Foudre de Guerre once favoured me with an amusing commentary on my Lord Palmerston's supposed *penchant* for scented soaps, pomatum, and Kalydor. "No one has a right (said he) to reproach the British Minister with the use of such materials. Partaking in the direction of the acts of that perfidious Government, his face must be constantly red with shame, and he must frequently require to wash his hands." Foudre prepared a drawing of what he termed "Guizot's erect attitude and haughty defiance of Palmerston." I secured this precious production, and here it is:—

I thought there was considerable point in the

following remark made by the same grave authority at the period of the birth of our Princess Royal: "In England, the country of monarchical reverence and aristocratic pride, the Queen's first-born has its birth simply inscribed on the register of the parish in which Buckingham Palace happens to be situated, by an obscure sacristan; whilst in democratic and revolutionized France a great bashaw of a Chancellor, named Pasquier, is retained and provided with a *simarre* of puce-coloured silk, garnished with a long train, for the express purpose of registering the birth of a "citizen puppet of royalty" (such was his complimentary designation of Louis Philippe's grandson, the Count of Paris) and decorating it, from the first moment of its shivering upon flannel, with the *rococos* titles of "*très haut, très puissant, et très excellent Prince!*"

The frequency of the occurrence of *émeutes* and of the existence of secret conspiracies in Paris since the establishment of Louis Philippe's government is attributable not more to the volatile and turbulent disposition of the juvenile population, and the machinations of Secret Revolutionary Societies, than to the weak and unjustifiable conduct of successive governments themselves. Strong previous grounds existed for suspecting that the police were most improperly employed in fomenting these disorders with a view to crushing them at the fitting moment, and thus producing the advantages

resulting from an *éclatant coup d'état*, since in France every thing is managed for *theatrical effect*. But since the recent publication of M. Gisquet's Memoirs, suspicion has been confirmed into certainty, and the "thimble-rig" system of the Prefecture has been fully developed in all its astounding ramifications. We now have it on the authority of political gospel that even ladies of rank and title, moving in the most distinguished spheres, have regularly derived from the Prefect of Police the means of wearing the most brilliant *parures*, and shining with transcendent splendour, the consideration being that they were to "pump" the greatest possible amount of secrets from their dazzled and betrayed victims, and communicate these to their paymaster in a secret official correspondence. Blessed system, which annihilates at once all the sanctions and safe-guards of domestic life, makes confidence a curse, and nurses a nest of vipers in the bosom of refined society! This is another aspect of French morality—this monstrous agency of *espionnage*, which converts the drawing-room into a secret hall of the Inquisition, protrudes its hideous feelers amidst the choicest cates and most intoxicating accessaries of the banquet, employs Circæan sorceresses to enslave to eternal ruin those who have not the strength to resist the inroad of their fascinations, and sets treachery *not* to crawl through the outskirts of splendid festivity, but to revel in the waltz and

gallopade, ensnare beneath the soft influence of wax-lights and the brilliant lustre of diamonds, and with a thrilling touch of the hand, and a half-disclosed amorous avowal on the luxurious divan, lure to that confidential communion of thought, which is sure to be betrayed!

A good story is current of a lady of the highest fashion and a dandy of the first water meeting on the Boulevard des Italiens, when the follow-

ing "diamond cut diamond" conversation ensued between them:

"*Ah mais*, does Monsieur go to the Baroness A.'s to-night?"

"*Gisquet!*"

"*Ah mais*, does Madame appear at the left-side third-tier fourth-from-the-foot-light Opera-box to-morrow?"

"*Gisquet!*"

They were both police spies, and the name which each uttered was that of their common pay-master.

And the country where fascinating devilry like this is habitual—nay notorious—boasts of being "highly civilized"! From each successive point of view at which I glance at the French character, not as recorded in works of fiction, but as living, moving, breathing at this hour, I acquire fresh and multiplied proofs of the immeasurable superiority of England; not less in point of morality than of comfort, security, concord, and peace. Another consideration that suggests itself in connexion with this branch of my subject is the fathomless vanity of this most frivolous people, which, as it has dictated their exaggerated political conduct during the past eighteen months, and their utter falsification of facts and principles in their desire to vilify England, is also the cause why people of birth, breeding, and distinction are every day found to degrade themselves by assuming the functions of

paid spies, that through the additional funds thus sordidly acquired they may be able to outshine their neighbours, and decorate their dishonoured persons with the proceeds of their disgusting venality. When women become the chosen vehicles of such ineffable turpitude, it appears to be the very consummation of human depravity.

To all sincere lovers of their species, who believe that there are solid and unvarying principles sanctioned alike by reason and religion for the regulation of the conduct of mankind, who look upon extended political societies, and all other great aggregations of humanity, as amenable to the same laws of conscience, probity, and even-handed justice by which the actions of individual men should be guided, it must be matter of the deepest gratification to see a statesman like M. Guizot entrusted with the helm in a country so necessarily prominent amongst the European family of nations as France. If, indeed, the well-directed intelligence, the sober-minded authority, the solid and sterling probity which that country still possesses within its bosom rallies round him in the hour of peril, and strong in the consciousness of right and justice, resists *à l'outrance* the machinations of unprincipled political schemers to compass his defeat and downfall, there is still a hope left for the regeneration of the country of Charlemagne and Louis, of Bayard and Duguesclin, of Bossuet and Fenelon, of Pascal and Bourdaloue and

Massillon, of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, of Buffon, Laplace, and Lagrange. There is a chance remaining of the promulgation and enforcement of a sounder public and private morality, of the prevalence of more correct principles in every relation of life, of honester, less sinister, and more definite aims, of wide philanthropic views in the room of miserable jealousies of race, and honourable competitions in the place of contemptible envies, of industrial energy circumscribed within just limits instead of wild views of territorial aggrandizement, and of mental and moral, superadded to that physical sobriety, which has long been the honour of France, and which might readily be made the foundation of a solider social structure.

To a mind even moderately well regulated, the co-existence of this subtle and all-pervading system of *espionnage* with what professes to be a constitutional form of government must in my humble judgment present itself in the light of a monstrous and intolerable anomaly. Honeycombed as the entire bosom of Parisian society is with plots, conspiracies, and sanguinary confederations, I admit that Paris is an exceptional case; but, nevertheless, there are legitimate bounds which even a protective system like this should not be permitted to exceed; and if M. Guizot was sincere in his manifold former professions, within such bounds will the operations of this protective system be for the future confined.

If there be one more disgusting wretch in the world than another, it is the French police spy, the human vampire and bloodhound, the execrable and abhorred *mouchard!*

Surveillance is legitimate, reconnoitring is an unquestionable privilege—but *not* the affiliation of police agents with secret societies, by whom fearful oaths are taken and violated the next moment when their victims are enmeshed, with an air of the most profligate levity—*not* an unblushing violation of all that

should be held most sacred and binding in the relations of domestic and social life—*not* the pensioning of titled demireps for beguiling into a confidence which is invited only to betray. A premium for vice is no legitimate weapon in the armoury of an upright Executive.

I am emboldened to hope for an amelioration of this system by the recorded opinions of M. Guizot himself, from whose writings I translate the following passage :—"The number and the frequency of conspiracies attest either a bad state of society, or bad conduct on the part of a Government, or both together. I will not say that a Government which does not so conduct itself as to prevent the existence of conspiracies is *ipso facto* proved incapable; but the circumstance of their existence is calculated to raise a strong presumption against the capacity of a Government. This presumption begets another. —Incapable, power is cowardly; cowardly, it is violent. Urged from incapacity to fear, and from fear to violence, it has no other resource but in injustice. Plots become indispensable to its existence, both to justify its fears, and secure to it, through the means of chastisements, that strength which it has forfeited through its faults. Such is the mode in which it discovers the existence of those plots, which it can no longer pass by. * * A bad and incapable Government will see plots where even the (on this head) terrible Code of Napoleon would see none; it will find conspiracies

and rebellions in the hostility of a few men, in the discontent of many others, and perhaps even in the indifference into which so many citizens have fallen. Say that the dreaded danger has not yet acquired sufficient consistency, that it has not become closely enough incorporated with certain individuals, to enable these bad and incapable rulers, without too strong an effort, to metamorphose it into a crime. No matter. Entered upon a fatal path, power is constrained to advance; *it will assist in bringing about that metamorphosis; it will have agents employed, who often without their own knowledge, through the sole result of the impulse which they have received, from being merely spies will become stimulators to crime.* Thrown into the midst of those general dispositions which tend in an evil direction, *attached to the steps of those individuals in whom such dispositions are most clearly manifested, they will cultivate their criminal propensities to lead them into an effective operation.* They will lay hold of the smallest embryo of crime, of the slightest germ of a conspiracy, *to warm and fertilize and nourish and yield it up to its destiny,* the moment it shall have become large enough to bear an instant's exposure to the light. Once in possession of a small centre, to which its terrors can legally affix themselves, their policy, half-blinded, half-perverse, will thence spring forward to search out all the dangers of which it desires to rid itself; it will rummage in the bosom of hostility,

discontent, and all that ill-conditioned state of the country which has given rise to its fears; it will gather together reports, inductions, proofs. It will form out of a medley of these I know not what phantom, with which it will frighten itself first, perhaps, before it proceeds to frighten others; and at last it will be seen to call on justice to ratify its own work, by declaring that the facts which it has gathered together are crimes in the eye of the law."

Never was there a truer picture of the French politico-social system for the last half century—an infernal system which the whole of the rest of the world cannot parallel. Will M. Guizot have strength and courage to exterminate the monster he has described so well? Is he the Hercules to cleanse out and purify this Augean stable? Time and the progress of events will tell. "Wherever two or three are together," says the Gospel, "there am I in the midst of them." It was reserved for France to furnish the disgusting commentary which makes the *entremédiaire* A POLICE SPY; and from long residence in Paris I can confidently assert that there is not a café, estaminet, cabaret, or *débit de vins*, frequented by the students or operative population, which has not its two or three disguised police agents regularly attached to it, and its half dozen quarrels per night in consequence of some one of each party being suspected and taunted as a *mouchard*, which usually terminate

in a visit to the Commissary of Police for the Quartier.

Ever since the 29th of October, the period of M. Guizot's accession to office, the War Party have exhibited the most perverse ingenuity in raking up every incident of his past life, to which it was possible to give an unfavourable construction. His Ghentish origin, and his desertion from Napoleon to Louis XVIII., have been cruelly dwelt on. But the lies which they have propagated, with reference to his residence as Ambassador at London, have been fifty-fold more numerous. I relate an anecdote in which the ludicrous preponderates over the malignant, and at which Guizot himself would laugh as well as my readers :—

The London papers, which brought over to Paris (like a thunder-clap) the news of the signing of the treaty of July, were represented as containing the following paragraph:—

"At the last ball given by Her Majesty, M. Guizot placed himself in so forward a position, in order to see Her Majesty dancing, that he appeared to form part of the quadrille. An officer of the palace thought it right to observe politely to M. Guizot that he feared he was inconveniencing the illustrious dancers, and that he had moved in advance of his place. M. Guizot, who felt piqued at this, chose to stand upon his dignity, and answered drily that an Ambassador of France is everywhere in his proper place. 'That is quite possible,' replied the officer, 'except in the middle of a quadrille.'" Thereupon M. Guizot was caricatured as a *niais* dancing-master, with this *affiche*: "*Il fallait un habile négociateur: ce fut un danseur qui intervint.*" (An able negociator was what was wanted—it was a dancer that we sent.) In the Opposition *salons*, it was sarcastically observed, that unless M. Guizot could partition himself into some six-and-thirty different sections, it was impossible for him to attend to the interests of France, in addition to his customary courtly pursuits. The *doctrinaire* Ambassador had not been able to find time to penetrate into the secrets of British diplomacy. How could he? He was too busily occupied with penetrating into the mysteries of Her Majesty's Terpsichorean evolutions; and the *casus belli* was

as nothing in his estimation to the *chaîne des dames.* If M. Guizot had allowed himself and his nation to be vilipended, humiliated, neutralized in the solution of the great European question, *en revanche* he had proudly sustained the rank of France in a question of *chassez* and *queue de chats!* He had exercised his diplomatic surveillance upon that particular point which he judged to be of the gravest importance. David danced before the ark; and judges and bishops in by-gone times footed it featly upon high-days and holidays. Guizot's profound historical knowledge convinced him of these facts and their value; and he would probably fertilize the feet of Frenchmen by the importation of some newly invented or indigenous dance, to be called the *Albionnaise.* Little solicitous of the march of diplomatic events and negociations, directed against the honour of France, he planted himself in so commanding a posture, that the dancers of the English Court could not take a single step without his knowledge. He knew not one syllable of the great treaty which had been signed by the Four Powers, but he was perfectly *au courant* of the *Chaîne Anglaise!* Nay, so great was the zeal which he exhibited on this occasion for maintaining the interests of France in the *contre-danses* of the British Court, that he even incurred the reproach of *stepping too far in advance*—a reproach unheard-of before in the annals of Juste-Milieu diplomacy. In good sooth, how could he pay any attention to the *bruits de guerre*, when his attention was altogether absorbed by the sounds

of the fiddle? For the tact with which he manifested his understanding of the precise point to which his diplomatic investigations could be most usefully directed, M. Guizot was eminently entitled to the admiration of the French people in general, and of M. Musard in particular!

A formidable discussion took place in the Chamber shortly after M. Guizot's accession to power, upon the international relations of France and England, and upon the rival systems of policy of Thiers and the head of the Doctrinaire party. It was Guizot's boast that he "came clean out of this discussion."—"Yes," said the Opposition, "*clean as a mudlark!*"

The following clever epigram was circulated shortly after Guizot's accession to power in the room of Thiers:

"Dans ce grand débat du Levant
Veut-on savoir en quoi Thiers de Guizot diffère?
Le petit Thiers fut brave *après l'affaire*,
Et l'autre ne le fut *pas plus après qu'avant!*"

CHAPTER V.

Lord Brougham's Speech, as Counsel on behalf of France, at the Opening of the Session of Parliament for 1841.—The ex-Chancellor's English Bottle-holders.—The Gallomaniac Decemvirs.—Recreant English Residents in Paris.—Mr. David Urquhart.—Impudent Charge preferred by this Individual against Lord Palmerston.—Urquhart's Intimacy with Thiers.—Attwood and the "British Manifesto!!"—The Ministerial *Salons* of Paris.—M. Thiers's Entertainments.—The Hôtel Guizot.—Petticoat Politicians.—Sallies directed by the Thiersistes against Guizot.—Internal Economy of the Tuileries.—Seeds of Dissolution in French Administrations.—Mutual Jealousies of the leading Ministers.—M. Tanneguy Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior.—A Leash of Political Schemers.—Marshal Soult.—Admiral Duperré, the Minister of Marine.—Amusing Instance of M. Villemain's Power of Mimicry.

THAT very eccentric personage, Lord Brougham, opened the Parliamentary campaign of the present year with one of those periodical explosions of flagrant folly, which for some years past have made whatever proceeds from that quarter mere matter of coarse merriment, like the tumblings of a pantomimic clown, or at best of the slightly more refined amusement which attends the efforts of a clever low comedian. His Lordship, having definitively lost the ear of England, throws himself back on France as a sort of forlorn hope, baits his clumsy hook for Gallic popularity, and makes precisely such a speech as

M. Thiers might perpetrate, if he were permitted "for one night only" to figure in our Parliament. "My Lords (quoth this *British* peer), I am bound to express my solemn conviction that, had peace been considered to be in proximate peril, the entire of what is called the 'Liberal' party in England—I believe too the whole—I am confident the great majority—*nay, I know for certain, the great and overwhelming majority of the working and middle classes of England, and all the 'liberal' party of this nation without any exception, would have risen up as one man, and said to the Government: 'Peace with France shall not be broken, come what may!' That is my belief—I know the fact.*" The monstrous falsehood, as well as folly, of this assertion needs not a single word of comment. What respect for England must such a declaration engender in the mind of France? Under no contingency, therefore, of insult, ignominy, or injustice, perpetrated by France against the colonies, the commerce, or the honour of England, would the cowardly English consent to their Government taking up arms to repel the insolent aggression! Such is the plain interpretation of the learned Lord's language. That the insinuation is false, flagrantly false, so long as British hearts beat within British bosoms, so long as the *prestige* of our naval and military renown, so recently and gloriously renewed, secures throughout the world the moral pre-eminence of England, I need scarcely aver. Lord Brougham,

according to his invariable practice, in reply to his shrewd common-sense exposure by Lord Melbourne, attempted to explain away his words; but there the damning evidence remains in the reports of the ex-Chancellor's speech in all the London journals—there the disgusting Gallicism is recorded—and there it will stand to brand him on the brow, whenever he attempts to speak of his British sympathies again. But this is not half of the pernicious nonsense to which the political jay gave utterance upon this occasion: "Recollect, my Lords, (said he,) I do not state that if we do go to war with France, *though France should stand alone against the Four Powers, France will or can be humbled!!*" I very much doubt whether Thiers himself would have hazarded this statement. Even the "little great man" avowed that France had not a chance against the Four Powers until she had completed her preparations, which would not be until the following May. It remained for Lord Brougham to out-crow even the Gallic chanticleer, and assert what every man in Europe knows to be *a most palpable bounce.* This second declaration is going far enough; yet even this is not all. "The victories," quoth this high-minded *Englishman*, "to which the French nation has been led by the ambition of Napoleon, have naturally made them extremely prone to take offence; and this circumstance *renders it necessary for others, in their dealings with France, to be very scrupulous*

—*almost exaggerated in their caution, to prevent the possibility of giving offence!!*" This from a *British* peer! Pray, why not go over at once to kiss the slipper of the "little great man," Thiers? I tell you, my Lord Brougham, there is such a thing as sturdy English principle (a thing of which you wot not) which cares not a rush for the theatrical declamation, the rant, the strutting, and the frenzy of bullying mountebanks, be they French or English, and will concede exactly as much and no more, upon any given point, as strict justice demands and consecrates. And further, my Lord Brougham, since your day is evidently over in England, and your object is palpably to secure a series of puffs in the French journals, and having lost every shred of reputation in England, to retain, if possible, a rag in France, you may set out as speedily as you please for your château on the Mediterranean, (your purchase of which would seem to have had some such result for its object,) there to settle for life, and communicate your sentiments to the French public, in letters, *brochures* and pamphlets signed "*Jean Tomkins*," or "Henri *Veau*," if you will —and rest assured that John Bull will endure your secession with becoming patience,—a patience which would be converted into delight, if with your change of allegiance you would forego your thousands per annum of British gold, for which you manifest your gratitude by backing his foul-mouthed French maligners.

From beyond the Channel your political brother, Robert Macaire, sends you his benediction!

Of the miserable segment of a party which participates Lord Brougham's sentiments, it is proper that the names should be here recorded, in order that their patriotic feelings may be duly appreciated: they are Messrs. Grote, Hume,

Warburton, Wakley, Ewart, Aglionby, Leader, Sir W. Molesworth, Attwood and Urquhart. These are the Decemvirs of Anti-English and Gallomaniac profligacy; and it is only to be hoped that the steamer chartered to convey Lord Brougham to a life-residence in his château in the South of France may lodge both himself and his ten bottle-holders *in the Mediterranean or thereabouts*. Any thing, in short, to get fairly rid of their pestilent principles, which come within a pip of treason.

There is a leash of recreant English residents in Paris (most of whom are absent from England *pour cause*) whom it would be very desirable to see embarked in the same vessel, bound for the bottom of the Mediterranean. In all his bellicose follies these were Thiers's principal abettors; and the chief of these is Mr. David Urquhart, formerly Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, the *éclat* of whose rupture with Lord Palmerston should have invested with suspicion every thing proceeding from that quarter, and have made Mr. Urquhart himself, as a matter of taste and decency, hold his tongue. But pestilent, intermeddling busybodies have always been the disturbers of the world's tranquillity, as well as of the economy of domestic establishments, and Mr. Urquhart's game was to charge Lord Palmerston (the dismissed servant, observe, taxing his late master) with having entered into a conspiracy with Russia against

France, by which France was to be bound over hand and foot, and committed to the tender mercies of the Czar. Pamphlet upon pamphlet was published by Urquhart in French and English, endeavouring to make out this preposterous allegation, and London was drenched with them as well as Paris. British good sense was of course revolted by the treachery and meanness, but not so French flightiness, to which the views of the writer were so congenial. His pamphlets were devoured in Paris, and religiously believed; and this stray wasp, expelled from the British hive, did more to exasperate the irritated feelings of France, to swell the war-cry, and deepen the diapason of the *Marseillaise*, than even the articles of the *National*, or the Prime Minister's bouncing memorandums. Urquhart was courted, fêted, closetted, every moment of the day with Thiers; and when, through Urquhart's machinations, Mr. Attwood, with one or two other individuals calling themselves "THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND" came over from Birmingham as a deputation from some nameless body, which had resolved upon the impeachment of Lord Palmerston as *a Russian traitor*, the *Constitutionnel*, M. Thiers's journal, was day after day filled with columns of the Urquhart and Attwood balderdash, headed "BRITISH MANIFESTO!!"

Mr. Urquhart is eminently gifted with what in Ireland is termed "the gift of the gab;" in this respect, indeed, he is a sort of rival of

M. Thiers himself, which is no small evidence not less of flippancy than of cool assurance. Urquhart roundly charged Lord Palmerston with being *a Russian Agent* night after night at M. Thiers's table, in the presence even of members of the *corps diplomatique,* by most of whom he was listened to with disgust, though by not a few with sympathy. Heaven help either Palmerston or any other man committed to the tender mercies of Brougham and Urquhart!

The adhesion of Lord Palmerston to the proposition of M. Brunow and the consequent signing of the Treaty of London were held by the Doctrinaires to be the result of our Foreign Secretary's personal enmity to Thiers, embittered by the latter's patronage of Urquhart.

The ministerial *salons* of Paris are usually the resort of a very heterogeneous assemblage. There is little of that exclusiveness which is

observable in England; and not the least conspicuous of those who figure at these *réunions* are Journalists and adventurers of the most doubtful origin, who happen, however, to be possessed of some talent which renders them useful as political agents. The attendance in M. Thiers's *Salons* was always especially miscellaneous, though the minister himself affected a most princely style of living, had splendid equipages, and entertained, indeed, in a very magnificent, though (as might be expected) a stilted, ambitious, and uneasy style.

In M. Guizot's Hôtel, on the contrary, there has always reigned a certain spirit of reserve and exclusiveness, the natural attendant upon the Conservative (Doctrinaire) school of politics. In the Thiersist *Salons* many jokes are bandied about upon the subject of M. Guizot's presumed Anglican tendencies. Amongst others is that of a well-dressed pickpocket who was refused admission by the *huissier* at the entrance to the Hôtel, upon the occasion of one of Guizot's receptions, and who by a sudden inspiration affecting the English accent, was straightway allowed to pass. This *ruse*, it was added, produced quite a talismanic effect; for instantaneously the man with the steel chain and black livery bowed himself down to the ground, and opened the folding doors.

The ladies who attend these *soirées* are with scarcely an exception diplomatic chatterers—in-

deed the entire woof of Parisian society is shot with female praters upon politics. I have no objection to a pretty woman laying down diplomatic law for an instant *pour rire*. But of serious political disquisition by the fair sex I have an utter abhorrence. Their notions of international law, of sound commercial policy, and right and justice, are unquestionably as *original* as their topographical views of the interior of Syria. I have heard petticoated prattlers speak of Lebanon at these *soirées* as a Lake and Acre as an Island! The female population of France, from the highest to the lowest, are unfortunately deficient in those notions of delicacy, propriety, and feminine fitness, which our own estimable countrywomen possess in such admirable perfection. Hence they are always to be seen pushing themselves forward in attitudes and into positions, for which neither by intellect nor cultivation are they at all adapted. Hence too at the most distinguished *soirées* you will see feathered and diamonded dowagers prating most vigorously by the hour, not about flounces and furbelows, but protocols, ultimatums, and the balance of power; whilst the younger branches, with whom coquetry, flirtation and dress are still the predominant passions, may be heard to lisp from their Ottomans an interesting medley of ribbons and ratifications, rags and memorandums, the last siege in Syria and the last ballet at the Opera, not without yawning every five minutes, at the

stupid solemnity of these affairs, so as imminently to endanger their maxillary system.

Thiers's set aver that at Guizot's *soirées* not a soul is to be met whose name does not end in *off*, in *eim*, or *son*, the three grand distinctive terminations of the patronymics of Russia, Prussia, and England. They have also invented for M. Guizot the soubriquet of "*le parfait gentleman*," intimating that he is the exeellent friend of the English alliance. Since Guizot's accession to power, they added that the hostile sentiments of Lord Palmerston towards France gave way to the most *burning* friendship, as evidenced in the communication made shortly after that event by the telegraph that the fortress of St. Jean d'Acre had been set fire to, which was soon to be followed by the announcement that Alexandria too had been reduced to ashes.

Opposed *toto cœlo* to the ostentatious splendour and gaudy gimcrackeries of M. Thiers's domiciliary arrangements in the Place St. George, is the quiet, yet elegant, and most gentlemanly economy of M. Guizot's establishment in the Rue Neuve des Capucins. The households are types of the men; the domestic management of each is strongly characteristic of their respective systems; the very aspect and demeanour of the servants smack of their masters. M. Thiers aims at lavish magnificence, and is wasteful and coarsely profuse, with a vein of vulgarity running through all his splendour, as is usually the case with the *nouveaux*

riches. Amid M. Guizot's Penates, on the other hand, reigns an air of aristocratic *maintien* and unaffected elegance, attainable only by consummate taste (as in his case), or by having been born and bred to it, as in the highest circles of society in England. There is not a particle too much or too little either on his festive board or in the *ameublement* of his apartments. The appearance of vulgar superfluity is most fastidiously guarded against; and the consequence is that the Thiers faction have most falsely put in circulation a charge of niggardliness against M. Guizot in the style of his entertainments. The fact is that these animals are for the most part incapable of understanding the graceful mean of unostentatious elegance, and the quiet clock-work movements which, to men of real taste and *savoir vivre*, contrast so favourably with the bustle, glitter, and hurry-scurry of M. Thiers's household. Accordingly, they insinuate that the Doctrinaire chief distributes numerous shakes of the hand amongst his diplomatic guests, but *little or nothing else*, together with a number of similar vulgarisms, which fully vindicate the character of the French war party for enormous lying. The same falsehood has been put in circulation by the same gentlemanly individuals with regard to the entertainments of the Tuileries, which are the very consummation of quietude combined with regal splendour. The vulgar French cannot comprehend anything which has not a dash

of glare and stage-trickery over it, and they therefore do not appreciate the repose of Louis Philippe's *Salons*. Hence, when one of the lower joints of Thiers's tail is by some extraordinary accident permitted to wriggle itself into the interior of the Tuileries of an evening, he feels quite astounded at the easy, domestic attitude of the Royal personages present, who are neither swollen nor stilted like Thiers; and because he has not been able to stuff himself to repletion with ices, jellies, and gateaux, and drink his half dozen of Champagne and Burgundy (the presumption there being that all the guests are gentlemen and accustomed to moral restraints), he goes back to his sensual circle with a complaint that "at certain august receptions refreshments exist only in a purely mythic state."

Almost every administration that has existed in France since the Revolution of 1830 has contained within itself the germ of dissolution in the internal divisions of its members. Envies, jealousies, unprincipled ambition, all, in short, that can spring from exorbitant vanity—a gas with which the French character is as impregnated as the air they breathe with oxygen—thoroughly pervade every department of public as well as private life, and render it utterly impossible that any set of men can sit together in the same cabinet for a single month without plotting their mutual destruction. A. wants to push out B., because B. is more fluent in the Council. B. is bent upon expelling A., because

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A.'s long-headed logic is sure to get the better of him at last, and A., B., C., D., and so on alphabetically down to the last *employé*, have each an immediate aim at the Premiership. I doubt whether any or all the countries in Europe contain a tithe of the unprincipled schemers who are to be found in Paris alone. Indeed the notion of principle as involved in politics is openly sneered at in almost every salon you enter; and so wretched and heartless a game of hollow intrigue, such an utter prostration of all that is honest, upright, and manly, such undermining, overreaching, lying, knavery and swindling, as the whole political system of France exhibits, is not to be paralleled or even conceived, in any other part of the world—China, perhaps, excepted. During the long administration of the Quinze-Avril (as it was called) Molé was in a perpetual state of disagreement with Montalivet, suspecting him constantly of the most sinister designs, and literally set spies to watch his movements, with a view to countermine him and explode his various artifices. In the administration of the Premier-Mars, Thiers and Remusat led an equally cat-and-dog sort of life—the difference being that their hostility was so intense that neither made the slightest show of concealing it. It sufficed for one to say "white," for the other immediately to shout out "black," and it was a common saying that by the side of these two *confrères*, Eteocles and Polynices, Capulet and Montague, were upon the friendly footing of thieves at a fair, or Kings

in a coalition. In the present administration MM. Guizot and Duchâtel are strongly opposed, though in their mutual repulsion they do not outrage decency. In France, owing to the deficiency in valuable Colonies, there are not three, as amongst us, but two great departments, into which the administration is divided—the departments of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior. With the former usually goes the Premiership. In the present instance M. Duchâtel holds the Ministry of the Interior, and Guizot being represented (we will suppose in the phraseology of Lloyd's) by A 1, Duchâtel is A 2 in the Ministry. Each has his train of adherents, and the Cabinet is accordingly more or less divided into two parties, which, unless Duchâtel manifests as much good sense as the other Principal, will unquestionably lead to a *débâcle*.

M. Tanneguy-Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior, a man of ancient descent and considerable abilities, has what the Scotch would call "a strong following" in the Rue de Grenelle, where his Hotel is situated. His personal influence causes a species of schism amongst the Doctrinaires, which is rather injurious to the supremacy of M. Guizot, "*le pape de la doctrine*" as he is sometimes called. Count Molé is ready to grasp strongly at power, and is intriguing vigorously for its resumption; while upon the other hand Thiers's exorbitant vanity, wrought upon by the sickening flattery of his faction, and stimulated by the recent renewal of his invita-

tions to the Tuileries, is filled with fresh hopes of being called to the helm of affairs. In this hope Thiers is mistaken. *Unless he be raised to power by a popular commotion*, there are three things which effectually exclude him: first, his proved incapacity to guide and regulate great events—secondly, his faithlessness and treachery to the Sovereign which can never be forgiven—thirdly, the utterly profligate and unprincipled avowal which he made in the Chamber that he had been endeavouring to jockey the Four Powers, and that his real designs were the direct reverse of what he pretended.

Such is the state of the French political world—an inextricable maze of intrigue—all "false and hollow" as the glozing speech of Belial—a kissing of cheeks and a cutting of throats to follow—no "working out" of great and consistent moral views of policy, but a "working in" of political schemers—a name by which all may be fairly described with rare exceptions—and such must ever be the case in a country which laughs at the notion of fixity of principle, *and has no political virtue.*

M. Guizot is not fortunate in his friendships. He has embroiled himself successively with three of his most powerful friends, MM. Jaubert, Remusat, and Duchâtel. Another distinguished disciple remained faithful to him—this was M. Piscatory; but *Piscatory* has shifted his lines with the rest, and he and Guizot are now at daggers' points. The fault in these four "splits" is

not altogether Guizot's; but is to be laid in some degree to the account of excessive *exigéance* on their parts. Unquestionably the fact of M. Guizot having consented to act with Thiers, as Ambassador in London under the other's Presidency and direction, was fairly chargeable with infidelity to his own party—the Centre Gauche, and Doctrinaires being as distinct as Ultrà-Radical and Ministerial Finality-man amongst us, and as nearly as possible their equivalents. Guizot retained his post with a view to effecting certain diplomatic objects, and in compliance with the wishes of the Court. But Thiers's principles of foreign policy were nearly in direct hostility to those of Guizot's party. Such compliance, therefore, in such a man affords the strongest proof of the pervading political immorality with which the statesmen of France almost to a man are chargeable. If M. Guizot now finds himself deserted by some of his best friends, and if the result be (which is not improbable) the destruction of his power, he must remember that he brought it on himself.

The escapade of Marshal Soult in the Chambers upon the question of the Fortifications caused great consternation amongst the adherents of the Ministry. The fact is that the veteran Marshal is haunted with the Nestorian propensity of all old men to unconscionable garrulity—presenting in this respect a striking contrast to our own illustrious Duke. He rose in the tribune

with the express intention of saying one thing, namely defending the *enceinte continuée*, and once he set off began scampering over the fields of his old campaigning recollections, until Toulouse and Torres Vedras drove the *enceinte* completely out of his head, and made him a decided partisan of the *forts detachés*. Guizot looked dismay ; and a titter went through the benches which looked ominous of the Marshal being speedily shelved. The Marshal is very talkative in general society —the peculiar patois of his language rendering his remarks very piquant; he is exceedingly fond of a sly hit at Thiers, under the designation of "*le général improvisé de l'écritoire!*" "*le foutriquet Napoléon!*" &c. &c. It must be confessed that the *Charabia* in which he expresses himself (the name of his peculiar description of dialect) is truly execrable.

The Marshal is no beauty. As I am determined, with the assistance of the unrivalled native artists, to whom I am so much indebted, to make this work a true Daguerrotype, I present my readers with a transcript of the Duc de Dalmatia's genuine features. Assuredly the Marshal

is a nice Narcissus, and a dingy Adonis, more indebted, I should say, to his dentist than Dame Nature.

Admiral Duperré, the present Minister of Marine, is a man of high character and considerable skill, well worthy to preside over his particular department. I may here remark the immeasurable superiority of the Navy of France over its Army, so far as regards the *personnel* of the officers respectively. The officers of the French Navy are all, or nearly all, gentlemen, by birth, education, and breeding. Those of the army are gentlemen *here and there only*. The dragoon regiments are the only branch of the service that is in the slightest degree aristocratic or refined. To return to our muttons, meaning marines, a joke against Admiral Duperré is worth recording. Before the confidence of the august pilot, who from the Tuileries as a quarter-deck nobly weathers the storm that overhangs France, called Duperré to the capstan of the state vessel, he held the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the French fleet stationed in the Levant. While this fleet lay at anchor at Salamis, the Admiral remained quietly cooling his heels at Paris—a distance of 200 leagues from Toulon; and all this time he was pocketing the following pretty list of pickings:—

120,000 fr. as Commandant of squadron,
50,000 fr. for official expenses,
15,000 fr. for *bureaux* expenses,

in addition to his Admiral's pay, which continues for life. This list of "plunder" being bruited abroad, the Admiral was called "*le petit Jean Bart*"—Jean Bart himself, the celebrated mariner, fond as he was of gaining battles, being quite as fond of other gains of a less elevated but more substantial character.

While I am upon the subject of the French Ministers and their Hotels, I may mention an amusing anecdote which occurred just before the opening of the Chambers in 1840, at a small dinner party at M. Guizot's. The invitations to this dinner were very special, consisting solely of M. Guizot's newly associated ministerial colleagues and MM. du *Journal des Débats*—those distinguished advocates (as the war papers called them) of shame *à tout prix*. M. Villemain was magnificent upon this occasion, *surtout après boire*. To considerable tact as a rhetorician, Villemain adds great powers of mimicry, and on this evening he charmed his *convives* with the speech which Thiers had not yet delivered (the Session not opening until the following day), and this with such a capital imitation of the "little great man's" tones and gestures as to wring tears of laughter from every eye. Before the Parliamentary Session of 1840 in England, Lord Brougham caused considerable merriment at the Duke of Wellington's table at Strathfieldsaye by a similar imitative anticipation of the opening debate. The achievement of our eccen-

tric law Lord was mentioned in the papers without comment; not so that of M. Villemain, French *malice* being incapable of sparing any thing. When Villemain's turn in the opening debate was over; "After having listened (said the Opposition journals) to the discourse delivered by M. Villemain from the tribune, we are convinced that *he makes other people's speeches much better than his own!*"

CHAPTER VI.

Attacks in the Journals and *Salons* upon Guizot.—His Ghentish Origin.—Mots uttered by him.—Teste, the Minister of Public Works.—Humann, the Minister of Finance.—Mahul.—Plougoulm.—M. Bertin and the "*Journal des Judas.*"—Jokes on the Instability of the Soult-Guizot Administration.—Hatred of Louis Philippe.—Malicious Republication of Letters written by him Forty Years since.—General Sebastiani.—Comments upon the Concession of a Marshal's Baton to this Diplomatist.—Notions of the witty Duc de Lauzun about the Fitness of Candidates for the Baton.—M. Montalivet and his *Calèche.*—Coronation of a living Poet at Toulouse.—Saint-Simonianism amongst the Parisian Journalists.—The *Gratis.*—Nonsense-Spectacles.—Lord Palmerston described as a Dramatic Writer.

It is fortunate for M. Guizot's peace of mind that he happens to be endowed with a very philosophic temperament, for with the single exception of Louis Philippe, he is at this moment "the best abused man" in France. The war party literally abhor him, believing him to be the great obstacle to the fulfilment of their *outrecuidants* wishes. He is ridiculed, satirized, caricatured daily and hourly in every possible shape; yet he pursues the even tenor of his way with infinite Stoicism, or (which is still better) with unhesitating confidence in the soundness of his

views and principles. His flying to the Bourbons at the end of the 100 days, when Napoleon's affairs were utterly desperate, and inviting Louis XVIII. to return to Paris, is in one shape or another reverted to daily by the Opposition press as a proof of unprincipled profligacy, though to an unprejudiced mind it must be obvious that the course, if not patriotic, was certainly prudent. The unkindest cut of all is the attempt to *denationalize* this very able minister. M. Guizot is a native of Belgium; and in the Opposition *Salons* he is invariably spoken of as "the man of Ghent." I need scarcely add that to French eyes this, in a "notability" of the French Government, is a downright deadly sin. That M. Guizot is not wholly French I hold to be neither a fault nor a misfortune. In the Belgic, compared with the French character, there is much inherent steadiness; and it is a lucky circumstance for Guizot the minister, and for the people whom he governs, that a very considerable portion of the firmness (not to say doggedness) of the ancient Ghent burghers has descended to the historian of Washington. Strange that the very circumstance of extra-Gaulish origin, which is made an engine to work Guizot's downfall in France, should serve as a recommendation to the rest of the world! Thus, to use an illustration of Brillat-Savarin, as the truffle, that pearl of gastronomy, is turned up from the soil by the

unclean porker, good is often seen to spring from evil.

Guizot, like Thiers, is a man of small stature. His aspect is very peculiar, sharp, intellectual, and somewhat prying. Our unerring Daguerrotype has re-produced his features for the reader's admiration or amusement, as he may feel disposed.

M. Guizot has uttered some remarkable *mots* in his time, more distinguished, however, for solidity than brilliancy. Two of these, àpropos of the Eastern Question, I may mention here. While the British and French fleets were watching each other in the Mediterranean, and Thiers and Palmerston were protocolizing at home, when national jealousies were most strongly excited, and the slightest quarrel—a dispute about the placing of a flag, a feather, or any other piece of frippery—might have committed the rival fleets in hostilities which would have led to an European war, M. Guizot, just before his return to Paris, exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders: "*Ma foi!* I love not the policy which leaves us at the

mercy of subalterns!" Upon his arrival at the Tuileries from London, he explained his views in the following pithy sentence, which is so perfectly intelligible in French that I give his original words: "*L'Europe ne menace pas la France, elle n'attaque que la Révolution. Il ne faut pas se mettre avec la Révolution contre l'Europe, mais avec l'Europe contre la Révolution.*" The wisdom condensed in this sentence needs no comment. The following is a pleasanter *mot* of M. Guizot's in early life. When a young man, and in no very easy circumstances, he was caught by a fellow-student in the Luxembourg Gardens, chatting to a very pretty *bonne*, entrusted with a string of children. His friend rallied him on the circumstance, whereupon Guizot replied: "Mais, mon cher, ce n'est pas une honte pour un homme dans la mauvaise fortune de courir après *les bonnes!*" The point, which is very neat and delicate, consists in the construction requiring the meaning of *bonnes fortunes*, and not *bonnes d'enfans*.

Marshal Soult is but little of an orator, so little, indeed, that he finds it necessary to provide himself, when he has accepted a ministerial portfolio, with a sort of speaking substitute—a garrulous Peer or Deputy who will convey to the world the Marshal's sentiments by proxy. In the present ministry, M. Teste is familiarly known as "the Marshal's *tongue*." Teste is the Minister of Public Works—a post which the existing

financial difficulties of France, the result of the enormous naval and military preparations, have rendered a perfect sinecure. He is of a very Cynical character. Here is a faithful likeness of this French Diogenes. The premier was con-

sidered as piquing himself upon introducing into his Cabinet none but men who were free from all taint of Revolutionary principles. Some person having objected to M. Teste on the ground of his ultrà tendencies, "You are right," said Guizot, "but the Marshal could not dispense with him: *il le considère comme sa* LANGUE." M. Thiers's partisans, when this circumstance reached their ears, observed that if Teste was, indeed, Marshal Soult's "tongue," it was not a *langue Française;* and this they attempted to prove by dissecting the order of the day addressed by the Marshal to the French army upon taking his portfolio, and supposed to have proceeded from Teste's

pen. The Marshal, in this document, invited the military to the "*observation* de la discipline," *observance* being the correct word; he further placed the maintenance of peace at home, and, if necessary, the turning of their arms against turbulent French citizens in a previous category to that in which he invited them to repel (should the occasion arise) a foreign invader. This was held to be less *French*, even, than the former phrase. Another most unfortunate expression which the Marshal, or Teste, or both, introduced into the same document was this: "You know me well; you know that I exact (*exige*) much." The history of the Spanish pictures with which the Marshal has enriched his cabinet could not fail to strike every reader of this unlucky *naïveté*.

The recent dispute between Marshal Soult and M. Humann, the Finance Minister, caused a most extraordinary sensation in diplomatic circles and throughout Parisian society generally. As usual, however, every thing was forced to give way to the Marshal's *exigéance*. The weapons resorted to by the Parisians in resisting the *recensement* (of which the object was to fasten the largest amount of taxation upon every individual) were drawn from their unfailing armoury of ridicule. Cab and omnibus drivers were warned to keep a sharp look-out for their windows, which would be clearly made liable on the ground of their being *moving houses*, and their very horses might

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be sure of being mulcted of the tithe of their oats. Humann is an able and a resolute man; but the utter failure of his late finance schemes has materially derogated from the *prestige* of his reputation, and justifies his presentation to the reader with an astounding *pièd de nez.* In one instance, he was charged with having instructed his agents to tax a window double on the ground of its *doing duty for two*, as it happened to light a couple of apartments. And, in short, the Minister of Finance's motto might be (but in quite an opposite and inhuman sense)

"HUMANN-i nil alienum!"

which celebrated passage might be rendered nearly as follows:—

HUMANN leaves nothing of his neighbours
Exempted from his taxing labours!

An almost equally but unenviably distinguished personage is M. Mahul, the humbled prefect, whose features are also here Daguerrotyped.

Every one knows to what a tremendous humilia-

tion this functionary was subjected by the sturdy old Capitouls and inhabitants of Toulouse, and what a deep draught he was forced to swallow of the

"——— pernicior unda Garumnæ."

Irresolution is stamped upon the poor man's face; and on surveying his portrait, no one can be surprised that he should have "cut and run," amidst broken lamps and disinterred paving-stones, to prevent himself from being interred.

Mixed up in the same dirty transactions, and a sharer in the same fate, was the Procureur General, Plougoulm, one of the most eminent men at the French bar, but unfortunately too violent or too perverse for moderate and wise administration. Like many an able advocate and distinguished orator amongst my fellow-citizens at home, Plougoulm is remarkably and even repulsively ugly. Upon the occasion of his Toulouse expedition, a very amusing caricature of him was published, representing him as a vulture, with its claws full of tax-gatherers' money-bags, flying from the tall old steeple at Toulouse to Nôtre Dame. The bags, however, were falling from his clutches, indicative of the ultimate fate of his expedition; and Napoleon's celebrated saying on his landing from Elba was caricatured thus: "*L'aigle volera de sac en sac jusqu'aux extrémités de la France.*" The remarkable re-

semblance of Plougoulm to a vulture will be evident from this Daguerrotype.

To return to the head of the administration. The "burlesque journals," as the *Charivari* and *Corsaire* are called by grave gentlemen of the long robe, rarely speak of Guizot but they hint at Ghent, and caused no little amusement by seriously demanding the application to Guizot of a law several years ago introduced by himself, which gives the executive power the right of expelling from the French soil *all suspected individuals of foreign extraction.*

To be serious and solemn in France upon almost any subject whatever, is to make sure of being drenched by an enormous water-spout of Ridicule; accordingly poor Bertin, the proprietor of the *Journal des Débats,* and the thick-and-thin supporter of Guizot and the Château, was horribly caricatured when, at the latter end of October, 1840, he swore DEVANT DIEU ET DEVANT LES HOMMES, in an editorial article, to die for the Orleans dynasty and defend the Charter to

extremity. This was accepted as the proof of some dark conspiracy—the *Journal des Débats* was forthwith dubbed the *Journal des Judas*, and Bertin himself was caricatured as Iscariot secreting the purse, and betraying Liberty to the Pontius Pilate of the Tuileries.

Upon the first formation of the Soult-Guizot ministry, before the memorable majority in favour of peace, which was secured at the meeting of the Chambers, the idea of its having the slightest chance of stability was treated with the utmost contempt. "I offer to lay any wager," said a deputy of Thiers's party, "that Guizot's ministry will be overturned within eight days."—"A gross mistake!" said a wag in reply, "I maintain that it will be *toujours debout*," meaning that Soult and Guizot would never have the opportunity of taking their seats. "Guizot wants to frighten us," said another. "He has only to show himself," quoth the wag, "and he will do it effectually," intimating that Guizot is no beauty. Guizot was described by one of his admirers as "the *soul* of the Cabinet," whereupon the same humourist averred that the maker of this assertion was a palpable *materialist*. A *calembourg* of Foudre de Guerre's merits recording. "The four powers," said Millemains, "have begun to take a high tone." "Eh bien!" said Foudre, "*c'est à nous de prendre le bâton* (*bas ton*)," which is excellent French either for a low tone or a cudgel.

Of the fearful malevolence of which Louis Philippe is (fortunately for the peace of the world) the unmoved and unshrinking object, realizing, perhaps, more perfectly than ever sovereign and statesman did before him, the ideal of the "*tenax propositi*" and "*impavidus*" in the teeth of the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*" —I might give innumerable specimens. One of the most malicious is, perhaps, the following :— The portion of the Invalides which is under the dome is at the present moment separated from the choir, for the purpose of facilitating the operations of the workmen who are engaged in the construction of the magnificent monument which is to surmount Napoleon's final resting place. The *Gazette de France*, the great organ of Legitimacy, followed by all the republican journals (for Louis Philippe's position has this particularity, that the most repugnant extremes meet and combine in their hostility to him) proposed as inscriptions for Napoleon's tomb, to be engraved on the four corners, the following extracts from letters written by Louis Philippe, when he was Duke of Orleans, and when from England, his country of refuge, he watched with all the hatred of an exiled prince the movements of the usurper. The genuineness of these remarkable documents has not been disputed, unlike the more recent case of *La France*, in which a prosecution was unsuccessfully instituted for forgery, and also unlike the infamous fabrications of *La Contemporaine*.

For the FIRST CORNER of the monument.

"I am a French prince, and yet I am an Englishman; first through necessity, since no one knows better than I do that England is the sole power which is able and willing to protect me; and next through principle, opinion, and all my habits."

SECOND CORNER.

"The Ionian Isles are blockaded, and very short of provisions. They are extremely impatient to shake off the French yoke; and Lord Collingwood has had conferences with Sir J. Stuart, with a view to his giving him some troops *to drive out the French;* but Sir J. Stuart can do nothing on this subject, without an order from his Government. *It is most important to England to take these islands from the French;* they will find there more than 6,000 men forming the Garrison, of whom 1,000 are Italians, and 1,500 Albanians and Epirotes, who will at once make excellent soldiers on behalf of England *against the French.* England will have the disposal of these men, and Austria will agree to every thing, *provided the French are excluded.* If she think me a suitable personage for these islands, *I am quite ready and shall be enchanted at it.*"

THIRD CORNER.

"The French have withdrawn all their troops from Catalonia, and have only left garrisons at Barcelona and at Figuières. They are so pressed in that quarter, that they have risked a portion of the Toulon fleet for the purpose of revictualling them; *and unfortunately they have succeeded, but only for a time.* Soult appears to be in a ticklish

position, pressed by Romana and by General Cradock. *I trust that, under these circumstances, the French will be crushed in Spain.*"

FOURTH CORNER.

"I foresee two cases: one is that in which the Empire will be overturned at Paris itself by a spontaneous movement, which it is as impossible to foresee when one is not upon the spot, as in such a case it would be difficult to direct it; the other is that in which there would be movements in the provinces, where the refractory conscripts may unite themselves into large bodies, and where the troops, officers, and generals, may take different parts. We must think of all these things, and prepare ourselves for every emergency. There are now in Spain, Naples, and Dalmatia, French armies which will soon find themselves (*such, at least, is my fervent expectation*) *in disastrous positions.*"

The letters of which the foregoing are extracts were written from 1806 to 1809. They place, in the strongest light, the absurdity of the farce which was recently witnessed upon the return of the Emperor's remains to France. Louis Philippe's feelings must have been intensely hostile to Napoleon; and in the letters quoted above, there is not one expression which, under the circumstances, was not perfectly natural. That a statesman endowed with Louis Philippe's acuteness should have exposed himself to so obvious a charge of gross and palpable inconsistency only proves that the measure when propounded by Thiers, and promulgated by his journals,

became one of absolute coercion on the monarch; and that a peevish child might with as much chance of peace and quietness be deprived of its rattle and gingerbread, as the Parisian populace of its pageant and gingerbread trappings. It is hard for statesmen, whose career has gone over a full half century, to avoid inconsistencies practical as well as apparent. Our bodies, during that lapse of time, do not undergo a more complete mutation than our minds; and the tide of events itself whirls us along into eddies which we could never have anticipated. In France these remarks are of tenfold force of application, where Convention, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Abdication, Hundred Days, Restoration, and a Barricade Government have succeeded each other in such irreconcileable contrariety as to defy all but a Talleyrand's tenacity of office.

The gift of a Marshal's bâton to General Sebastiani shortly after his return from the London Embassy, drew forth some severe comments. The fitness of the concession for merely diplomatic qualities was fairly questionable; and the Marshal's health was so broken up that a prospective command in the field, no matter how excellent his qualities as a General, appeared to be quite out of the question. Whenever M. Sebastiani got up in the Chamber of late days to make a brief observation upon foreign politics, a sort of spectre was seen to rise feebly and painfully, utter a few inarticulate words, then fall back heavily on the seat behind. There was no like-

lihood, under such circumstances, of prospective heroic deeds; and (with all respect for M. Sebastiani's character as an accomplished diplomatist be it spoken) there was as little in the part which he took at Talavera and Almonacid to entitle him to be raised to the very highest rank in the French army. Truth to speak, the "illustration" was attributable solely to the personal friendship of Louis Philippe, of whom General Sebastiani had been the constant confidential correspondent, during his official residence in London.

Apropos of M. Sebastiani's bâton, the following amusing anecdote was put into circulation in the Opposition *salons*:—"Monseigneur," said the witty Duc de Lauzun 120 years ago to the Regent, great-grandfather of Louis Philippe, "you have just made the Duc de Broglio a Marshal of France; and it is a crying injustice. It is true that M. de Broglio is 76 years of age, but I am more than 85. If he answer that he is an old Lieutenant General, I object that I have held that rank for eight and forty years. If he urge that he has not seen service since the year 1675, I answer victoriously that I have not drawn a sword since 1670. If he observe that he was beaten at Consarbruck, I can prove that my regiment of dragoons was cut in pieces at Douai. You perceive then, Monseigneur, that you have skipped over my head most unjustly in giving the bâton to M. de Broglio." Sebastiani was a useful diplomatist. But a *Marshal*——Sapristie!

M. Montalivet, the well known colleague of

Molé during the long administration which preceded the triumphant accession of Thiers to power, has the reputation of being of a very niggardly disposition. Amongst the jokes perpetrated thereanent is one which alleges that, whilst he is sitting with his brother peers at the Luxembourg, he lets out his carriage, in the form of a *calèche de remise*, at 2 francs the set-down! This, to use a French phrase, is a dexterous way of "utilizing" one's property. M. Montalivet was also said to have read with profound interest the account of the formation of the West Pennard cheese, intended for a present to the Queen of England, and to have sighed for a Court berth in a country which signalizes itself by such substantial presents to the head of the Government! Montalivet is the Intendant of Louis Philippe's Household, and a punctilious Master of the Ceremonies at diplomatic introductions.

As a more harmless specimen of French enthusiasm than the majority of the exhibitions of the last eighteen months, I may cite a sort of renewal of the ancient "Floral Games of Toulouse," which was exhibited in that most interesting city towards the end of 1840. It was in truth the coronation of a living poet, and when to this is added a poet of very inconsiderable merit, it must appear not a little farcical to "sober-minded English intelligence" (an expression of Canning's in the celebrated inscription on Pitt's monument in Guildhall). The poet's name was unquestionably a poetical one—"Jasmin;" and Heaven knows but to this circumstance the origin of the *furore* in his favour may be in a great measure attributed. Shakspeare very properly put the question: "What's in a name?" in the mouth of a very young lady. M. Jasmin having perpetrated a poem to which he gave the Della-Cruscan appellation "*Françonnetta*," conceived the prudent determination of dedicating it to his native city of Toulouse, whereupon Toulouse, resolving to return the favour, sent the poet a superb branch of laurel exquisitely wrought in gold. The lower part of the stalk was adorned with a ribbon also in gold, on the knot of which were engraved the words: "*Toulouse à Jasmin!*" This pretty tribute was forwarded through Monsieur le Maire.

It is a curious circumstance that the principal characters who figured several years since as

leaders or abettors of the monstrous absurdities of Saint-Simonianism are at the present moment connected with the Parisian journals. A newspaper some time since established, and called *La Paix et l'Industrie*, was confided to the management of M. Olinde Rodrigues, the ex-pope of this very eccentric sect. M. Jacques Lefebvre was said to have contributed no less a sum than 100,000 fr. to set this journal on foot, *upon the express condition that nothing would be said about it.* The fact was immediately recorded in more than one Parisian newspaper. It is to be hoped that their subscribers said nothing about it! The paper in question was sold at a ridiculously low price—5 centimes, or a single sou. It was nicknamed the *Gratis*, and, as may be supposed, did not succeed. It was to have been a strenuous advocate of the working classes, whose coalitions during the past two years would appear to have had for their modest object to put their working jackets on their proprietors' backs, and secure for themselves seven Sundays per week, and 365 Sundays per year!

Amongst the crowd of theatrical pieces which have been produced in the small theatres of Paris, àpropos of the *Marseillaise* frenzy, was one in which an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, named Père Chauvin (*Baldy*), was made to survey the Arc de Triomphe with a dolorous and drooping aspect. Suddenly a cannon was fired, and old Baldy became instantaneously

transformed into a youthful warrior, who began skipping across the stage, and singing about "*gloire*," "*victoire*," "*guerriers*," and "*lauriers*." This was intended for a grand serious effect! It might, perhaps, have been in place in one of our Christmas pantomimes. It was followed by something still more absurd—a representation of the arrival of the Prince de Joinville with the coffin of Napoleon ("the little Captain," as Foudre de Guerre said, "bearing the ashes of the Great Captain"). From a laurel bush on the deck of the vessel, a *figurant* was seen to emerge, and strut twice up and down the stage, without uttering a word, in the historical *redingote grise*, and little cocked hat. Then he went and hid himself again behind his pasteboard laurels. It was the very consummation of absurdity; yet the audience loudly applauded. Foudre de Guerre broached a pleasant theory on the subject—that the piece was the joint production of Lord Palmerston and M. de Brunow, who had sent it to the director of the Palais Royal Theatre, their object being to make a mockery of the whole affair. "It was written (quoth he) one half in English and the other half in Russian. The manager, knowing little English, and nothing at all of the Russian language, confided it to the getters-up of the piece, who simply translated it, without the slightest alteration either of text or spirit. One thing was certain, that it could not be the work of Frenchmen."

CHAPTER VII.

Aspiring Politicians of the Doctrinaire School.—Political Jaw-breakers.—Test of a Doctrinaire.—How Monsieur X. feathered his Nest.—Dependent Position of the Peers of France.—Evils of a Life-Peerage.—A Patlander in the Palais Royal.—Cousin.—Jouffroy.—Singular Deafness of the Peers in their Judicial Capacity.—Sensation produced in Paris by an Account that Mehemet Ali was dangerously Ill.—Momentous Contingencies dependent upon his Life.—Estimate of the Dangers by which the Pasha was surrounded.—Fine-drawn Analysis of his Dietary.—Coarseness and Filthiness of French Caricatures.—Profligacy of the Parisians in their Familiar Language.—Horrors of their Ordinary Practice.—Infamies of the Palais Royal.—Abortion.—Perverted Notions of the Female Population.

Before M. Guizot's accession to office, he was perpetually surrounded during his brief sojourns in Paris with a host of little great statesmen—the neophytes of the Doctrinaire school. M. Guizot himself is simple in his habits, his costume, and his style of living, but was never seen unaccompanied by a brilliant staff. The Doctrinaire is the genteel school of politics as opposed to the extremities of mob requisition; and to this school the bulk of the young men of name and property in France, who do not belong to the secession party of the Ancien Régime and the Quartier St. Germain, or whose ambition has induced them to separate from it, are naturally found to

attach themselves. Amongst the youthful heroes of this school none but *gants jaunes et parfumés* and *bottes vernies* can, without striking talents, push themselves forward. The Doctrinaire star being now in the ascendant, this aspiring class of politicians is filled with the loftiest hopes. These are the future *diplomates* and Parliamentary orators, whose present occupation is to pick up all the crumbs which fall from their master's official table. They gargle their throats with the longest and most sounding words in the dictionary—such as *eligibilité*, *conformabilité*, *sociabilité*, and *gouvernementabilité*. They possibly imagine that the enunciation of all these ponderous *bilités* savours of profound statesmanship; but these nascent "notabilities" should remember that this is a faculty which they share with the parrot. The mode of rolling forth the wordy volume of which the last mentioned word "gouvernementabilité" is composed constitutes the test (say the Thiersistes) by which you can recognize whether a man was born for a Doctrinaire. One thing is certain, that—to whatever political school they may chance to have attached themselves—our diplomatists all over the world have a horror of the volu-"bility" of French political agents.

Millemains gave me a pleasant sketch of the history of one of these slight-bearded politicians. Monsieur X., who is to-day one of Guizot's prime favourites, arrived in Paris a mere youth in 1834,

from a city of the South of France, where he had formed the acquaintance of M. Rémusat. Mons. X.'s entire fortune consisted of a sum of 100,000 fr. He soon ascertained that with such a capital as this he would cut but a sorry figure in Paris, and resolved to push his fortune in the world of politics. He got himself presented to Guizot, who was then Minister of Public Instruction; he next provided himself with horses, carriages, and a numerous retinue of servants, and lived for a year like a man in the enjoyment of an income of 100,000 fr. Like another Marquis of Carabas, he spoke of his Châteaux, his influence in his Department, and the votes which he could command in several Electoral colleges. In short, he speedily acquired a considerable degree of influence, secured the Minister's ear, and got all that he wished for. An ordinary man would have found it a matter of no small difficulty to draw 5,000 fr. per annum out of his capital; but X., like a man of genius, flung the capital out of the window, and is to-day in the enjoyment of a place, fixed as the firmament, and worth at the very least 12,000 fr. a year. "A primary doctrine," added Millemains, "of the leading Doctrinaires is that, under a constitutional monarchy, the lucrative places are all to be given to those who least require them." It is the same thing all over the world. If you wish money to flow into your coffers, you must secure the reputation of being already a monied man.

At the period of Prince Louis Bonaparte's trial, a constant fire was kept up in the *salons* against the subserviency of the Peers, who were declared ready to do all the dirty work which the Court might require at their hands, down to scavengers' duty. When it is considered how completely the existing Peers of France are Louis Philippe's creation, the charge of subserviency may be readily credited. There is no more disgusting monstrosity on the face of the earth than this description of life-peerage. Endow a man with all the ability and integrity you please—pitchfork him into this house, and his principles are necessarily polluted by the atmosphere which he is forced to breathe. He is essentially the creature of the Sovereign—and soon becomes as essentially impregnated with the Court miasma, which penetrates like a fog into every surrounding cranny. There can be no independence in such a body without hereditary rights. There is no pretence of independence amongst the existing Peers of France. Their political proceedings are as contemptible as mere talk without the possibility of energetic action can possibly be. In their judicial capacity they are set apart for doing that unclean work, which is *too unclean* for an ordinary French jury. Yet there are Frenchmen who will talk to you by the hour of their "Glorious Charter" and their "finely-balanced Constitution," and boast of its pre-eminence over that of England!!

The Revolutionary wits have been extremely busy with a fire of *mots* on the subject of the Fortifications of Paris. Here are a few of them: "Former administrations have been satisfied with throwing *poudre* (dust, or powder) in our eyes. Hereafter our rulers will throw something in our eyes, *together with the powder*."—"Some thick-headed Parisians have been inquiring what is *le but* ('the aim') of the loopholes in the bastions which are about to be erected. Why, *parbleu*, themselves!"—"In 1833, at a review of the National Guards, an exclamation arose: 'Friends, it is understood that we are to have no more Bastilles!' This hope will be fulfilled, *like every other promise of July*."—"The fortifying project involves a *double entendre;* the works will be pierced in the direction both of Paris and *l'Etranger*." Foudre de Guerre, when he heard this latter joke, exclaimed: "A *double entendre;* true—but Paris is the principal theme. Our Vaubans may pretend to face the enemy; but, rely on it, they have more of an *arrière pensée!*"

One of the leading principles upon which Louis Philippe's Government was founded, was the abolition of all Bastilles; and in 1834, the Chamber voted pensions to the survivors engaged in the devastation of those infamous structures during the first Revolution. Seven years later the same *consistent* Chamber is found voting £29,000,000 sterling, for the erection of somewhere about 30 new Bastilles! The entire Gauche

party, and Odilon Barrot in particular, have exhibited the most monstrous tergiversation upon this question. In 1833, Barrot and his "honourable friends" held the project for fortifying Paris, which was then broached, to be perfectly execrable. Barrot denounced it as a plan for "embastilling the capital." Yet to-day he accepts the same project with *empressement* and gratitude, and calls it an "*enceinte de sureté*"!!

Together with being one of the most unprincipled politicians even in France, Odilon Barrot is one of the ugliest men in Europe. Yet he is eloquent—how eloquent! second only to Berryer: How tremendously he laid the lash upon the murderess Lafarge in the late trial about the robbery of the diamonds! In politics Barrot is a very powerful leader of a party. He wields the Gauche with great mastery. Yet personally he

is not popular, his *hauteur*, and air of consequence, being not a whit exaggerated in the accompanying Daguerrotype.

Foudre de Guerre, who has never ceased to rail at the fortification project, ever since it was first mooted, one day perpetrated a *mot* upon the subject, which struck me as peculiarly happy: "To be placed between *two* fires (said he) used to be considered the acmé of misfortune. Presently, we shall have the felicity of being placed between *six-and-thirty!*"

The great multiplicity of labourers required for the fortifications of Paris, and the comparative scarcity of French labourers as compared with the soil which they have to cultivate, occasioned directions to be some time since transmitted to the French Consul at Dublin to ascertain whether any disposable number of Irish labourers could be induced to proceed to Paris, with a certainty of procuring regular employment for at least a year to come. The result, as may readily be conceived, was that a number of the "finest peasantry" jumped at the offer as nimbly as a salmon-trout at a summer-fly. Under the special superintendence of the Consul they were shipped in disorder and ragged condition for Havre, felicitating themselves on the gentility of the excursion, and the unlooked-for opportunity of "makin' the *tower* to France, all as one as the foremost quollity—and that upon *vilvit*, and be paid for their pleasurin' into the bargain!"

Since the memorable period when the immortal hero of the Gridiron, "bein' in distress in regard of the atin'," thought a solitary "*Parley voo Fransay?*" a passport to all the mysteries of the French mind, nothing more *bizarre* and provocative of laughter has been witnessed, than the landing of these stray sons of St. Patrick at Havre, and their journey on foot to Paris. It was my lot to meet with one of them in the centre of the Palais Royal at the magnificent Galerie d'Orléans. There he stood beneath the splendid glass roof, reflected in a hundred mirrors along the walls, stared at by scores of moustached loungers, and giggled at by a dozen *magasin-grisettes* in their exquisitely *soigneuses* toilets, looking like Houris in a Paradise. Paddy had changed in no respect the costume of his native hills. The corduroy smalls were patched and repatched, yet broken, at the knees. The buttons enjoyed a sinecure "for convaynience," the long strings which held the place of knee-buckles fluttered down to the ancle. Like Lord Hamlet, he appeared in the midst of that emporium of fashion,

> —— "With his doublet all unbraced,
> No *hat* upon his head,"

but a very stunted and straw-bound *caubeen*, with the immemorial short and blackened pipe stuck on the dexter side; and to complete his parallel with

> "The glass of fashion and the mould of form,"

Pat had

> —— "His stockings fouled,
> Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ancle."

When to this I add that his hardy and sinewy leg was thickly matted with hair of a dusky hue, and that his face was bespread with some ten days' growth of beard of a foxy-brown colour, that his brogues loosened by the journey were made fast around the instep by hay-ropes, that his coat was of aboriginal blue frieze, and that in his hand he wielded a stout "alpeen" which had been his firm support for many a rood, I need scarcely wind up his resemblance to the Danish Prince by saying that he was

> "The observed of all observers!"

When I first espied him in that attitude of upward gazing, which according to philosophers distinguishes man from the beast (a distinguishing characteristic which is sometimes very requisite), I drew closer to him, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, and was no little astonished at hearing him ejaculate: "Holy Vargin, if that disn't bang Banagher. Eh, then, *it's with glass they thatches their houses in Paris!*"

A witty French lady of my acquaintance declared that he was plainly one of the *Sauvages* escaped from the neighbouring Café des Aveugles.

Cousin, who is one of the most eminent philosophers in the Chamber, made himself somewhat ridiculous in a discussion where the Pro-

fessors of the Sorbonne were soundly rated for not giving a course of public lectures: "Without this faculty," said he, "the most distinguished man in the art of instruction would never have arrived at the direction of affairs of state. *I myself would never* have arrived there!" A very audible titter went through the Chamber. "*Il est modeste, M. le philosophe,*" was the word which passed round; and the wags alleged that he "must have been a Professor of Straw to become a Minister *idem!*"

Jouffroy is another philosopher, who figures occasionally in the Chamber, deals like Cousin in superfine abstract sentiments, but contrives at the same time to hold as many lucrative places as possible. Millemains, in one of our conversations, gave me some instructive details as to these two eminent characters: "The new Philosophical school," said he, "in France is the Self-Utilitarian, and its chief is M. Cousin. This profound sage holds in common with Jouffroy that true philosophy teaches us to moderate the transports of all our passions—except Ambition and Avarice! Like the Saints denounced in your admirable Butler's Hudibras, they

> "'Compound for sins that they're inclined to,
> By damning others they've no mind to."

Why is Cousin so insatiable in his thirst for place? Of course to demonstrate with still more striking force how inveterately, true to the first principles of the old Grecian Philosophy, he dis-

dains and despises gold. When the philosophers of bygone times dreaded to pocket the smallest piece of money, Cousin holds that they only betrayed their weakness. Accordingly he went to the Minister of Public Instruction, the other day, and said to him: 'I am informed that there is vacant at this moment the place of Councillor to the University with a matter of 10,000 fr. salary. Give me up these 10,000 rascally francs, that I may have the philosophic pleasure of griping them, and shaking them lustily—in my pocket.' A couple of Professorships and a high ministerial office, with splendid allowances, could not sufficiently attest, *sine additamento*, how Cousin loathes the 'loaves and fishes.' As for Jouffroy, he combines in his own immaculate, anti-pluralist person, the functions of Professor at the Sorbonne, Member of the Council of the University, Deputy, Philosopher, and Officer of the Legion of Honour—to which I suppose I may add the founder of a chair of Comparative *Nepotism*. Thus it is that these two official Coryphæi of our modern philosophy understand and practise their ethereal doctrines, exhibiting an incontestable superiority over all their predecessors in firmness, courage, and ardent zeal; and it must be confessed that their system has far more weight than that of the Ancients—seeing that the sack of crowns weighs as nearly as possible five kilogrammes! They would seem to have adopted the principle of vaccination,

since it is by inoculating themselves that they brave the pecuniary *virus.* Thanks to MM. Cousin and Jouffroy, we must now reverse the ancient axiom of the Schools, and say: '*Quand on a tout, il faut être philosophe.*'"

With a blush for the morality of French official men, I must add that up to 1838, M. Jouffroy held with his other lucrative posts a *secours*, by virtue of which he annually touched 1,000 francs, drawn from the fund for the relief of men of letters in necessitous circumstances!!

At the period of Prince Louis's trial, the Peers were heard to remark to each other that their hall of judgment was *sourde* (literally deaf, but meaning in this instance ill-adapted for hearing). This expression was rapidly caught up, and most severely commented on. It was the old pretext (said the popular party) of corrupt judges, who were troubled with a determined unwillingness to hear. When men have jaundiced eyes, every thing they see is yellow. Their hall was, indeed, *sourde;* they could hear nothing whatever—of the prisoner's defence. There were none so deaf as those who *corked up their ears.*

In the first days of October a rumour reached Paris that Mehemet Ali was dangerously ill. The report turned out to be greatly exaggerated; but the extraordinary impressibility of the French character displayed itself upon this occasion in a very remarkable degree; and in Salons and Cafés nothing else was spoken of for eight-and-

forty hours. Mehemet Ali dying! this was indeed news,—to French ears the worst that could be brought, for it was death to the bellicose movement. An infinitesimal cause, a grain of sand, the dropping of an old man into the grave through the natural process of decay, was to bring to a stand-still those hostile preparations upon which millions were expended. It was upon the energy of Mehemet Ali's character, and his exaggerated personal capacity, that the hopes of a tremendous resistance upon his part, which was to hold out till the following Spring, when the preparations of France were to be completed, were almost exclusively founded. A disease superinducing his death, or even a paralysis of his faculties, would form a capital fact, and a question by which the whole world was profoundly agitated was pinned to the crazy existence of an old man of 80. Let him die within the following week, and the event would cause an universal emotion. Let him be chained by sickness to his bed but for a few days, and Europe, tied to his bolster, would be seen to reckon, as the criminal left for execution does the moments before his punishment, the beatings of the old man's pulse! Peace or war, the destinies of crowns and nations and continents, depended on the state of an octogenarian's stomach. Let Mehemet Ali eat but too heartily on any given day, let a little soot accidentally fall, while his cook's back was turned, into the pot or the stew-pan, let an ounce of

unwholesome food be served up for his repast, and the Pasha might be "done for." Let his meats be too highly seasoned, and a preternatural excitement of the nerves, together with inflammation, a rush of blood to the head, apoplexy or paralysis, might be the ready consequence. If on the one hand he favoured veal and vinegar, obstinacy and sharpness might be the consequence. Let his diet, on the other, consist of white meats, refreshing fruits and emollients, and his character might lean to conciliation and concession. His blood would flow in a more tranquil stream, his muscles would be softer, his fibres more elastic, more supple and bending. Ten chances to one but he might, under such a regimen, conform to the Treaty of London. Melons and sheep's trotters might tend very considerably to produce this result. Trotters soften and *muttonize* the character, while slices of melon relax both the intestinal system and the rugged fierceness of a stern determination. The destinies of the world were thus dependent on a calf's head or a sheep's trotter; and a slice of succulent fruit was a fearful political engine!

How numerous—nay, how innumerable were the causes which might exert a powerful influence on the state of the Pasha's health—on the life of him, "the be-all and the end-all"—the

——"Causa consurgere in arma
Europamque Asiamque!"

If he went out, an ill-shod dromedary might make him fall; if he remained within, a lumbering old divan might break down under his weight, and break his skull against the wall. A succession of imperceptible doses of poison, appreciable only in Marsh's apparatus, might cut short his career in the world. In coughing he might burst a blood-vessel; by sneezing he might accelerate congestion of the brain. The fate of the globe rested on a pin's point, by which the skirt of an Octogenarian's gabardine was fastened to the pillar of life!

Mehemet Ali's complaint turned out to be one of the numerous family of hemorrhoids; and àpropos of this subject, the most celebrated caricaturist of France, Henri Daumier, produced a work which was greatly admired, and universally looked at, in which Mehemet Ali was represented in the interesting posture of taking a *bain de siège*. I cannot decently put the phrase into English. Such are the refined and elegant tastes of the French capital—the "central dépôt of mundane civilization," as some spouting bagman at a late Toulouse Reform Festival most impudently described it. But in all this there is nothing astounding to those who have resided in Paris even for a brief period, with their eyes tolerably well open. Look, for a moment, into the most superb confectioner's window, and you will see more than one faithful representation in sugar and chocolate of the most disgusting aspect in which

human nature can be depicted. "Nature herself," says Longinus, "has manifested a disposition to conceal the base parts of the human figure, by placing them so that the commonest drapery may hide them." French nature, which, as an observant German writer has well said, is one thing, while that of all the rest of mankind is another, takes a pleasure in exposing them to the eye, even in places which every where else are the consecrated depositories of elegance. I dare not venture a word as to the abominations of French print-shop windows, or the still more flagrant horrors of their interiors. Even Mrs. Trollope's nose has been disgusted at the smells of Paris, and her eye has discovered no palliative for its sights. In this "chosen territory of civilization," brutes deposit their ordures in broad noon-day at the corners of fifty streets—the ear is offended in public places by the unutterable profligacy of the familiar language of the inhabitants; the entire male population rots with disease during the interval between puberty and marriage, or neutralizes its virility by habits of secret vice; hoary-headed totterers over that grave to whose verge they have hurried themselves by a life of unwearied iniquity, seriously counsel youth to pursue the most atrocious and degrading practices—demireps in middle life have stalls opened in the Palais Royal for the purpose of subserving denaturalized appetites, and prate to chance customers by the hour upon the

manifold advantages of their system—the same Palais Royal contains establishments for the sale of "preventive checks," under lock and key, to restrain pubescent youth from an indulgence in the French national vice, which dwindles their population in growth and number daily, and has made it the most repulsively ugly in Europe—professing midwives make abortion a trade, and, not content with administering drugs, use surgical instruments to kill the breathing offspring in the womb, when drugs are insufficient to effect that purpose, (*Gazette des Tribunaux* passim,) and the entire female population, below the highest and the better order of the middle classes, with the exception of a few of those who are married, make a boast of their criminal conversations, considering themselves degraded, if they are without a lover who is admitted to every privilege. And this is your "central dépôt of European civilization!"

The character of the women of France (I speak now of the corrupt population of cities) is admirably hit off by the German poet, Hang, in this short epigrammatic couplet:—

Was sind die seelen eitler weiber?
Bloss Kammerfrauen ihrer leiber.

What are the souls of vain coquettes,
Whose toilet-toils are never ending?
What are the souls of such coquettes?
Mere chambermaids their bodies tending!

The second line, which I have taken the liberty

of superadding, is a humble version of Horace's : "*Dum comuntur annus est!*" A taste of statistics is occasionally a pregnant proof. Start, then, reader, when I inform you that there are TWO-AND-TWENTY DRESS-AND-FASHION PERIODICALS published in Paris alone!!,

CHAPTER VIII.

Contrast between the Conduct of England and France with reference to the Removal of the Remains of Napoleon.—Lying French Journalists.—Misrepresentation of every Incident in the Conduct of the British Authorities at St. Helena.—Mockeries of the late Funereal Pageant.—Hollowness of the Statesmen who figured at the Ceremonial.—Extra-Gallic Origin both of Napoleon and Guizot.—Impudent Falsehood of the French Press with reference to the late Successes of the British Arms in Syria.—Burlesque Report from Admiral Stopford to the British Treasury.—Fabrication of Political Correspondence in the Parisian Journals.—Non-insertion of Rectifications.—Specimens of forged Intelligence.—"The Frontiers of Prussia."—Identity of Feeling between the War Journals and their Readers.—Their implacable Hatred of England.

If, amongst the events of the last eighteen months, there was one which more than all others was eminently calculated to soothe the inveteracy of French hostility to England, it was the conduct of Queen Victoria's Government with regard to the remains of the illustrious exile of St. Helena, and the graceful manner in which the concession was made. "May the last remnant," said Lord Palmerston, "of the ancient prejudice and traditional hostility, which have unhappily alienated the two countries for so long a period, be buried for ever in the grave of Napoleon!" This generous wish has not been responded to. So far from it, dirt has been

flung full-handed in the face of England, with reference to the concession and to all its details. Distorted views have been given in the popular journals of acts in themselves indifferent, or highly honourable to our administrative agents. Misrepresentation, and brazen falsehood, have stripped all the grace from the boon, and interpreted an act of liberal bounty into a fresh national insult. To such lengths can the profligate section of the newspaper writers of France carry their Satanic practices for filthy lucre. To such a pitch, where their object is a mere increase of sale or a miserable extension of the influence of their craft, can these purblind pioneers of civilization

> "Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
> And pile the pyramid of calumny!"

"*Que nôtre alliance soit perpétuelle!*" said Soult at the Guildhall dinner; and in less than two months' time the Parisian press set up the deep-mouthed bay which has ever since been prolonged with undying rancour, precipitating with might and main an universal war, more bloody, extended, and protracted, perhaps, than ever has been waged since men first began to cut each others' throats—a war into which all Europe was to have been plunged upon no conceivable grounds—

> —"Heus! Quid in arma furentem
> Impulerit populum, quid pacem excusserit orbi?"—

—a war which the accidental discovery of the

rottenness of Mehemet Ali's power of resistance alone averted—*and all this for vile lucre and paltry personal advantage.* What a moral gangrene—what a God-mocking pimple of profanity—what a hideous cancer on the breast of the beautiful world—is this crowing and wing-flapping Chanticleer of "Pre-eminent Civilization!"

Observe how the Revolutionary journals respond to the kindly and generous spirit in which England acceded at once to the request that the remains of Napoleon might be restored to the French soil. When the Prince de Joinville arrived off the French coast in the first days of December, he published a report as commander of the *Belle Poule* frigate, dated from the harbour of Cherbourg, and informing the French public that he had just arrived with the remains of the Emperor, which had been placed in his hands on the 15th of October. The details of this report were instantly seized by the Revolutionary and War party in the press, and here is a specimen of their comments:

"The delivery of the coffin of Saint Helena by the English was arranged in such a manner as to make the rights of the gaoler felt over his dead captive, whom he *deigned* to release; the impudent arrogance of the chance victors of Waterloo was manifested afresh over the Emperor's tomb. Albion was determined upon enjoying the satisfaction of a last kick of the ass's

hoof against the prostrate body of her enemy; she strove to make the exhumation a source of additional humiliation for the shade of Bonaparte and for France. It is precisely what we would have expected from British 'magnanimity.'

"Listen to the report itself: 'Le Gouverneur de Saint Hélène A VOULU se charger de l'exhumation, &c.'—*A voulu!* It is always in imperative terms like these that England has the presumption to speak. The report proceeds to state that 'on the 15th, *at midnight*, the operation was commenced.' Thus it was in the dark, and furtively as it were, that the English chose to proceed to the exhumation of the hero of France. They selected for that purpose the sinister and ill-reputed hour of midnight, as if there were question of flinging into the river the dishonoured body of Fualdès."

Now if diabolically perverted ingenuity can be found to equal this in any spot short of that locality which is "paved with good intentions," I have no appreciation of malignity. What! The very circumstance which tended most to prove the respectful consideration with which the mission from France, its object, and its bearers, were treated by the British authorities, converted into a charge against us! To prevent any possible delay—to remove the smallest pretext for an imputation of neglect or indifference—to accelerate all the preparations for restoring to France at the earliest period her national idol—

this is interpreted into an offence—and for this the imperishable rancour of French hostility is invoked upon the head of "*perfide Albion!*" Who will now perform a generous, a devoted, a purely disinterested action! Assuredly this is the viper stinging the bosom that warmed it!

To so striking a specimen of the spirit which animates the great bulk of the newspaper writers of France towards England—a specimen which I might parallel, if needful, in fifty different articles—need I do more than append the opinion which I share with the sober-minded of all European countries, that there never was a mockery to equal that which was displayed in the late funereal pageant? Of the notable political characters who figured upon that occasion,

and who were sufficiently advanced in life, at the period of Napoleon's downfall, to appear as actors upon the political stage, there was not a solitary half dozen—no, nor half that number—who could put their hands to their bosoms, and say that they had been true to him, whose name they were assembled to honour. The Sovereign, from the period of the Consulate to the closing scène at Waterloo had been his bitter and consistent foe. The men in office, and the leading Senators of France, the Pasquiers, the Séguiers, the Portalis, the Decazes—were living emblems of French versatility and hollow-hearted fickleness, endowed with principles of the chameleon hue, who instead of their official robes should have been arrayed in Harlequin jackets, emblazoned with a weathercock by way of escocheon. The leading Minister Guizot, and the ablest of his colleagues, had been the first to repair to Louis XVIII. at Douai, with an offer of devoted service, reeking from the bureaux of the Hundred Days, the moment that Napoleon's flight to the coast had transpired; and since that period Legitimacy and Usurpation, as personified in the Restoration and the Revolution of the Barricades, had been successively served with most stoical indifference by them all. An attempt to restore that Imperial order of things of which they had once affected to be the enthusiastic admirers (unquestionably an ill-managed and silly attempt) had been recently attended with the butchery of

many who assisted in it, and followed by the life-imprisonment of the nephew of him whom this expensive pageant was organized to honour. What daring cynicism was it not in these men to thrust themselves forward upon an occasion like this, as the worshippers of that Napoleon whom they had deserted in his hour of peril! Where but in France—the charnel-house of morality and religion—where Expediency treads upon the neck of Principle, and selfish interest is the star that rules the hour in public life—where but in France could such a "fiend's arch mock" have dared to obtrude itself before the public gaze? The gauds and trappings and theatrical frippery, which were gathered with lavish hand from every emporium of luxury to furnish forth a three hours' procession, might have been surely better applied to the relief of a portion of that misery, which, renewing no trivial passage of the horrors of the general Deluge, had but a few weeks before plunged the whole South of France into mourning. The insane preparations for war with all Europe, the

"Sævus amor ferri et scelerata insania belli,"

assuredly called for no further accumulation of national liabilities, but might have contented the extravagance of the most profligate Minister by the £40,000,000 sterling which within a few months bound a millstone round the neck of France. A sober military funeral (such as would have taken place in England under similar cir-

cumstances) might have well sufficed, and what more fitting homage to one of whom soldiership was the chiefest glory? By this arrangement, too, would have been avoided the jarring discords and the flagrant discrepancies which were observable from the monarch down to the last of his ministerial officers, in relation to the subject of this glaring apotheosis. But no—the scene was France; and were national beggary and ruin to stare them in the face, they could not dispense—not they—with their strutting, gaudy Melodrame! Had the eagle eye of Napoleon been permitted to see these things, as he would have marked them during life, with all their velvet palls, their stars, their bees, and their *fanfarons*, my solemn belief is that that keen and subtle intelligence, (purely Italian, *not French*, in its keenness and subtlety, and wholly unimpaired by French frivolity—for even the greatest of their living statesmen—Guizot—the soundest, the ablest, the most upright, the most philosophical, is *not French*, but Belgian,) yes—my firm belief is that Napoleon would have regretted his solitary tomb at St. Helena.

Having thus given my readers a specimen of the mode in which British generosity is appreciated in France, they will be prepared to expect that British valour should meet with still less justice at their hands. The war in Syria was a case in point. As we were the "chance victors of Waterloo," so were we indebted to a "chance

explosion" for the capture of Acre, and to a liberal distribution of British *gold* for all our successes on the Syrian coast! But I shall let these monstrous liars speak for themselves. The following is one of their versions of Admiral Stopford's despatches—the name of the gallant admiral being travestied into *Paye-fort*, and the communication addressed to the Treasury by way of indicating that British money went for all in our Syrian triumphs, and British valour for nothing:—

"REPORT FROM ADMIRAL PAYE-FORT TO THE FINANCE MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

"Excellency,

"Our national pride has occasion to triumph more and more by reason of the successes which England has obtained in the Syrian war, that war in which we have so courageously engaged by putting our four colossal powers against the weak old Pasha of Egypt, and which we have bravely waged in accordance with the true principles of British chivalry, that is to say, by drawing our purse-strings instead of our swords, and marching to the encounter like genuine counter heroes, covered with our *écus* (meaning crown-pieces, as well as shields).

"It is always thus, as your Excellency is of course aware, that our brave countrymen have carried on their victorious warlike evolutions. We have two modes of proceeding, both of which

emanate from the system of monetary hostilities. Most frequently we excite coalitions, or in other words set on other people to fight for us, and when by chance we find ourselves forced to form a line, we intrepidly face the enemy, not indeed with bayonets or swords, but with guineas and bank-notes in our hands. We audaciously expose our personal pounds, shillings, and pence.

"It is to this system that we are indebted up to the present day for our most brilliant victories—victories which it is no metaphor to say have been 'dearly bought,' and which, if they have swelled our national pride, have singularly reduced our money-bags.

"The millions upon millions of our Debt are there to prove that, during the terrible wars of the Republic and the Empire, the English have not hesitated to shed their purest money on the battle-fields of Europe, which envious persons allege to have left us in a deficit of glory.

"I have indulged in this little digression, Excellency, to demonstrate for your satisfaction that I am in perfect possession of the rules (the golden arithmetical rules) of our military tactics, and that I was not altogether unworthy of being invested with the management and circulation of our coalesced crowns.

"I have the satisfaction to announce to your Excellency that we are pursuing in Syria the

course of our glorious triumphs; in this war British gold has shone forth still with the most brilliant lustre. We continue to conquer—I would say to buy over—all before us.

"You are already aware how I succeeded in reducing that influential Syrian Prince, the Emir Bechir. I did not fear to challenge that hostile chief to meet me in single cash-conflict.

"He has been conquered shamefully—that is the word. The Emir Bechir may furnish us with the occasion of a triumph after the manner of the ancient Romans—with this sole difference that we must attach him to our Exchequer in London, instead of a triumphal car.

"All the (pecuniary) operations which we have undertaken recently against our enemies have completely succeeded. Our brave marines have put the crews of several Egyptian feluccas *hors de combat* by boarding them with shillings.

"We have taken possession of some half dozen fortresses by opening our fire—I mean to say, our pockets—before these places, and bombarding them with 24-pounders (sterling).

"We have always, upon this principle, had the advantage in our encounters with the Egyptian troops. In all these combats the warriors of England have displayed heaps of specie, and have been uniformly victorious—on the nail. We presented ourselves at last before St. Jean d'Acre, that famous fortress which formerly resisted the French army commanded by General Bonaparte.

In fact, this pretended great captain made war according to the ancient and stupid prejudice; he made use of the sword instead of the money-scales, and it was not by taking up handfuls of crown-pieces that he sought to make his enemies feel the weight of his arm.

"We, on the contrary, have followed throughout this transaction the principles of British strategy, or as others will say, mercantilism. In short, we laid siege to the place by investing it with our coffers. We were provided with sacks filled with something very different from earth, and pockets, not fosses, were their destination. Our artillery was composed of most effective pieces—of gold and silver; and we had bank-notes prepared for the assault.

"Envoys, I would say brokers, sent into the interior of the fortress, had previously insinuated to the garrison that, besides the specie actually engaged in the siege, we had also the resources of our immense credit, and that the Egyptians might confidently reckon upon it. After this we resolutely approached the ramparts—knowing that the most offensive weapons they would employ against us would be *bills* drawn at sight; and British bravery dreads not these engagements.

"The success of the assault was complete. I will not conceal from you that the enemy made us pay somewhat dear for this triumph. It is

one victory more for which warlike England must pay the full price.

"I have the honour to transmit to you as a collective trophy the receipts which the enemy have left in our hands.

"Up to this moment it has been impossible for us to *reckon up* the precise amount of our losses in this hot engagement. Our *ammunition* has been nearly all expended, and scarcely any of it will return. But, upon the other hand, our brave soldiers and sailors are always filled with health, energy, and plum-pudding.

"We have only to regret a slight wound received by one of our officers (paymasters), who scraped the skin off his thumb in counting out rouleaux of new crown-pièces a little rough from the mint.

"I have been ably seconded by our brave allies. By the side of our English guineas, the roubles of Russia, the gold pieces of Austria, and the Frederics of Prussia made manifest all their excellent qualities. Victory could not fail to attend our combined scrips.

"It only remains for me to inform your Excellency that these successes, which do so much honour to the solid merits of England, have almost completely exhausted our munitions of war. Consequently, in order that I may be enabled to pursue these hostilities with advantage, there is an urgent necessity for sending me out more.

You must make a further levy of troops, I would say of contributions from the British banks.

"(Signed)

"ADMIRAL PAYE-FORT."

The foregoing document speaks for itself. It possesses some burlesque humour, unquestionably; but this is no mitigation of its unadulterated malice. In every society into which I entered, in every café, in every *cabinet de lecture*, in the mouth of every awkward and hulking Na-

tional Guardsman, the universal sneer was "how the Syrian fortresses had been bombarded by English guineas!" Thousands upon thousands of Parisian readers accepted the dishonourable imputations *au pied de lettre*. It was sufficiently evident before, that the politicians of France were destitute of principle; their enormous lying on the subject of our successes in Syria was necessary, in order to prove to the world, that, with all their pretensions to chivalry, *they have not one spark of generous feeling*. To undervalue a rival's bravery and martial skill, to undermine his well-earned reputation, and lie away his most undoubted triumphs, is the part of mean-souled scamps, and sordid swaggerers, swollen with envious hate. True to their nature here

——"cristàti rupere silentia *galli!*"

Did British fair play grudge the well-earned meed of renown to the arms of France, when Napoleon led them to victory? Did British honour dread being tarnished by having an escocheon bright as its own hung up by its side in the temple of Fame? True courage no where shrinks from avowing that brave men lived both before and since Agamemnon. There is, indeed, one class of heroes which never will be found to admit extrinsic valour—your Bobadils and Pepperculls, and Pistols, the whole tribe, in short, of blustering poltroons, whose types are to be found in purest perfection in the *French* dis-

trict of Gascony. France does ill to provoke, by this base spirit of depreciation, a reminiscence of Creçy and Poictiers and Agincourt, of Ramilies and Oudenard and Malplaquet, of Quatre Bras and Ligny and Waterloo, and of the entire Peninsular War, where British valour mowed down her columns, and trampled her chivalry in the dust. Topics like these cannot be originated without blame; but neither can they be altogether slurred over without blame, when their suggestion is so coarsely provoked.

To the foregoing instance of the amiable construction put upon the acts of England by French newspaper writers, I shall append a specimen of the lying correspondence by which they sustain their insolent interpretations. 'I am embarrassed by a multiplicity of specimens, and I take the first which comes to hand—premising, that the entire French press, with the *Journal des Débats* and one or two other papers for the sole honourable exceptions, whenever it has a point to make, unhesitatingly FABRICATES A SUITABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

On the last day of November the *Commerce* published the following edifying item in its London correspondence. I translate it literally:—"Lord Palmerston, in his irritation, astonished at the first opposition which the Treaty met from our policy, which is so accustomed to obedience, cried out *that he would make the King of the French pass through the eye of a needle.*" To any man who is at all conversant with politics—more espe-

cially with the guarded language of diplomatists, the fabrication here will appear not only evident but very absurd. But upon the French community the effect would be different. Strongly prejudiced against England, pre-occupied with the belief that her ministers had deliberately insulted France and determined to treat her *de haut en bas*, their minds were prepared to receive as genuine what our cooler heads would reject as ridiculously factitious. And what was the fact? Why, that almost every man you met in Paris believed it, affirmed it, swore by it; and that the *Marseillaise* was sung upon that and the following evening along the boulevards by maddened multitudes, whose indignant shout, "*Aux armes!*" the agents of authority had the utmost difficulty in preventing from leading to an *émeute* of the most dangerous description. The other journals took up the insulting passage from the *Commerce*, and published it as genuine, without intimating the slightest suspicion of its being fabricated, which must however have been manifest to them all; and one of these "best possible instructors" gravely assured his readers that the saying of Lord Palmerston, recorded in the correspondence of the *Commerce*, had given rise to a feeling of singular bitterness at the Tuileries. The lie was afterwards made palpable to these journalists; yet not one of them had the honesty to insert a contradictory paragraph. What upright men and gentlemen!

So far from rectifying the erroneous impression

upon the minds of their readers, they proceeded to enlarge upon the humiliating rank in Europe assigned by the Allies to France, making the forged paragraph the staple of their argument; and, as one lie invariably begets another (in order that like a dutiful child it may serve as a prop to its parent) they invented what they termed an illustration of Lord Palmerston's practice to support their own version of his theory. The trick was ingenious, inasmuch as the forger, by confining himself to generalities, and giving as it were the spirit of the English journals, rendered detection much more difficult. Here is the passage: "Mark the injunctions which Lord Palmerston addresses to our Government in relation to the ideas of intervention in Spain, which he supposes it to entertain! England (*say his journals*) will suffer no manner of intervention on the part of France; if the policy of the Tuileries inclines to peace, the French Government must renounce every idea of this description. Louis Philippe had conceived a project of pacification through the medium of a marriage between Queen Isabella and the eldest son of Don Carlos, the whole being assisted by an armed intervention. But M. Guizot combated this plan, *Lord Palmerston having declared that he will not concur in the project, and that he will not for an instant tolerate the intervention of France in any quarter of the Peninsula.*" The entire passage is a forgery. It is utterly im-

possible that Lord Palmerston could adopt so offensive a tone towards the French Government, or that any respectable English journal could represent him as assuming it. Well; this second lie, like the first, went the round of the war party in the press—being the *presque unanimité* of the Parisian journals. And this, like the first, remained uncontradicted; and this, like the first, was ravenously swallowed by the millions of *gobemouches* who swarm throughout France, and credited by the millions of more moderate men, whom the previous representations of these precious journals had made sore and jealous upon the point of national honour.

Fabricated correspondence from Germany, laboriously concocted at Parisian desks, has been

found a still more successful game; and the lies which have been forwarded from the "Frontiers of Prussia" (a conveniently vague locality) would fill a very ponderous volume. Augsburg, Vienna, and Frankfort have also contributed their several daily mites—*the matter being in every instance indubitably invented in Paris.* Here is a specimen from the same journals (and at the same period) which contained the before-mentioned falsehoods:

"*On écrit de Francfort:* The issue of your last ministerial crisis (the substitution of the Soult-Guizot for the Thiers administration), far from satisfying the partisans of absolutism, *seems on the contrary to encourage them to greater daring and insolence against France.* Their armaments are carried on with prodigious activity, and the more pacific you show yourselves, the more do they hasten their preparations for war!" Even an ordinary notification in the usual official style, inserted in the *Hanover Gazette*, was twisted into an insult: "Le 22 Novembre, le Roi a *daigné* donner une audience à l'envoyé Français, M. Martin, &c. &c."

About the same period the *Commerce* had the audacity to assert that at a ball given in the Tuileries by the King of the French there were a greater number of *English than French* military uniforms present! What respect must this journalist have for the intellects of his sub-

scribers. But the fact is that, in catering for the depraved appetites of their readers, they *must* be regardless of truth. The *Commerce* added the insolent falsehood that an English officer who on this occasion wore a Waterloo medal was deliberately insulted by several French *militaires*, and quietly pocketed their affronts. Credible!!

It is the fashion with our most eminent political writers in England, and with the leading statesmen in both Houses of Parliament, to draw a very distinct line of demarcation between the statements of a few fire-brand journalists, and the sentiments of the French people generally. This is a total mistake. These journals have no chance of continued existence save as echoes of the feelings of large masses of readers. Even lying to make out their *petit cas de guerre* is agreeable to their subscribers and patrons, who (such is the state of public and political morality in France) are as little scrupulous as themselves, and are only too anxious to seize any opportunity of venting their hatred, spite, and envy, against England, whose immeasurable superiority gives them a daily fit of the jaundice.

Lady Blessington in her last work truly says that every Frenchman, however humble, believes himself capable and destined for the highest offices, and that this very belief often works out its own fulfilment. Each man thinks himself born for a

Prime Minister. Schiller expresses the same notion lurking within a Frenchman's mind, in his sounding blank verse thus:—

> Ein jeder giebt den werth sich selbst. Wie hoch ich
> Mich selbst anschlagen will, das steht bei mir.
>
> Each gives himself the value he will bear;
> How high I'll strike, *ma foi*, that rests with me!

Personal vanity enters into everything that a Frenchman says or does; and we have beaten his country so often that he feels as if he had been personally drubbed.

Believe the testimony of one who knows the unprincipled, vain-boasting, and profoundly immoral French nation well. They envy us—hate us—abhor us; WATERLOO rankles, and ever will fester in their selfish, implacable, and ungenerous breasts; the painful lesson of forgiveness can only be taught by Religion, of which they have none; it is fear alone that restrains their impotent rage; and, had she but a reasonable prospect of success, France would raise earth and Hell to-morrow,

> "Incendens animos insani Martis amore,"

to wreak upon all that bear the English name a bloody and remorseless vengeance. That this hatred is unextinguishable, is the deep and dispassionate conclusion of a long and painful experience. There is no reason why the British public should be duped any longer by plausible pacificators, who think it dignified in the Senate

to depreciate the amount of French hostility. The truth must out at last; and it is this—that the foul fabricators of the Parisian press bring not a particle more of malice to their diurnal task of insulting and vilifying England than exists in the breasts of the overwhelming majority of their readers.

Superadded to the familiar sources of hatred of England supplied by the names of Waterloo, Creçy, and Agincourt, is the rankling recollection of our countrymen having, by their superior address, excluded France from the vast continents of Asia and America, partly by negotiation and partly by conquest, in India and the two Canadas. Of these mighty sources of wealth and power, lost to her for ever, and transferred to England, she incessantly grudges our possession, conscious that they slipped through her own fingers through French frivolity or French incapacity.

CHAPTER IX.

Algeria; "*Le Chancre glorieux.*"—Appointment of General Bugeaud to the African Command.—Reclamations against it.—"Split" amongst the Members of the Orleans Family.—Reappearance of M. Thiers at the Tuileries.—Reconciliation of Peachum and Lockit.—Banquet given by Thiers to his Partisans; "*Sa Majesté Thiers le Premier!*"—Verbosity of Thiers; Flippant Smatterers and Impudent Bouncers.—Monstrous Blundering of the Historian of the Revolution.—Unblushing Wheel-about Tactics of French Statesmen.—Forged Tickets for the Tuileries Balls.—"Vautrin" and De Balzac.—Immorality of the French Stage; Fresh Illustrations.—The Sword of Austerlitz.—The Three Governors of Algeria.—*Mots* of M. Portalis, Alphonse Karr, and Madame Dosne.—Adventure of the Duke de Nemours.

THE common name by which the occupation of Algeria is now known amongst the moderate politicians of France, and more especially by that portion of the Doctrinaires which is in close alliance with the Château, is that of "LE CHANCRE GLORIEUX." To me there appears to be much more of the ulcer than of glory in this murderous occupation, save that there is considerable peculiarity in the French notions of glory, and that weekly Razias, after the fashion of sanguinary *battues*, in which thousands of the unarmed native peasantry have their throats cut, their huts demolished, their crops set fire to, and

prisoners *en route* are shot and sabred, with the superadded attractions of scores of military hospitals, *in which no bed is ever vacant*, crowded with dying soldiers, and picquets and out-posts more than decimated by the long Arab gun, may be very specially glorious in French eyes. All these things are a matter of taste. The appointment of General Bugeaud to the Governorship was supposed to point either to a final abandonment of Algeria, or to a very limited occupation. Bugeaud is that rare bird in France —a sensible man; he was the only speaker, so far as I remember, in either Chamber, who brought up the artillery of strong common sense to bear upon the absurdity of the *Marseillaise* enthusiasm. Perhaps it is on this very account that he is personally disliked, mouthing and clamorous folly having a strong natural repugnance to cool-headed discretion. Reclamations and petitions against the appointment of Bugeaud were poured in freely from Algiers, and even some General officers refused to follow the new Governor. The most amusing illustration of French vanity afforded in this matter was the conduct of the Duke of Orleans, who unquestionably encouraged all these secret discontents, in consequence of Marshal Soult having neglected to consult him in the appointment. The Duc de Némours took his brother's part; and Louis Philippe thus found himself strenuously and bitterly opposed by his two eldest sons.

"The sins of the father are visited on the descendants to the third and fourth generation."

Even French notions of principle and consistency were a little astounded by the appearance of M. Thiers at a grand dinner at the Tuileries, about the middle of January, after the fearful hostility which had burst out between him and Louis Philippe, and the infamous position of accuser of his sovereign taken up by Thiers in the Chamber shortly after his removal from office. The matter may be shortly thus explained. The King was determined to carry the fortification question, and to cram Thiers for that purpose; and Thiers was desirous to renew his intrigues for the resumption of office. Since the reconciliation of Peachum and Lockit, no such gross and palpable humbug has been witnessed either in public or private life. To silence his indignant partisans (the indignation being chiefly ascribable to their not being admitted to a share of the Court festivities), M. Thiers, invited them to a banquet at his Hôtel in the Place St. George. Here the bull-frog magnificence of the Historian of the Revolution eclipsed even the vanities of his previous official glorifications. The little man sat at the head of his table *en Prince diplomatique*, disposing of kingdoms, provinces, and dynasties, and spouting away like a pump the whole of the evening, even to the sewing up of the mouths of the garrulous company by whom he was surrounded, including some 60 deputies

and journalists, the latter of whom are the noisiest and most self-sufficient class in France. They had their *revanche*, however, by affixing to their host the ironical sobriquet of "*Sa Majesté Thiers le Premier!*"

I believe M. Thiers to be the most perfect specimen of brazen and smattering flippancy in existence. Unquestionably the "intrepidity of face" possessed by multitudes of men is marvellous; yet where ignorance upon any given subject is complete, intense, immeasurable, even in casual society the most consummate effrontery is wont to betray a consciousness that it is "out of its depth," by the tremor of the voice, the irresolute twinkling of the eye, the deprecatory tone, the "egad, I think so," or the, "by Jove, I'm pretty certain." To be sure, there *are* impudent bouncers, who will invent facts by the dozen to sustain a particular point in argument. When this occurs in private life, there is no great harm done. But what will be thought of the man who, pretending to the character of an historian, enjoying in that capacity too a most extensive reputation, who affecting the most exalted powers as a diplomatist, and having held for several months the reins of power as Prime Minister of France, deliberately gets up in the Chamber, and makes a two hours' speech, every paragraph of which is marked with the most crass ignorance (a very expressive phrase adopted by my Lord Brougham from the French)

and that upon points of European history of prime magnitude, one of them dating only 10, and the other only 40, years back? Upon the 26th of January in the year of grace 1841, M. Thiers, with all the solemnity of tone befitting an eminent statesman, and with the ex-cathedral gravity of a great historian, made a lengthened statement of facts with respect to the siege of Genoa in 1800, and the defence of Warsaw in 1830, as the latest examples in point furnished by modern history, in support of his system of fortifying Paris by an *enceinte continuée*. These, be it observed, were the "pre-eminent *faits historiques*," upon which he based his whole argument. Well; up gets Marshal Soult—no very conspicuous orator, but a blunt out-spoken soldier, who, premising that he had taken a principal part in the defence of Genoa, the first "historical fact" adverted to by Thiers, proves each of the "little great man's" assertions with respect to that siege to be *a total mistake*, demonstrates that every fact upon which he has relied is erroneous, and convicts him in short of the *grossest ignorance*. With regard to Warsaw, it was not Soult alone, but half a dozen deputies that demonstrated an equal amount of ignorance on the part of this sham-historian. The circumstances of this latter siege were so well known and so recent that Thiers's assurance must have been, indeed, astounding to hazard so terrible a humiliation. Such, however, is the confidence which

repeated success in the arts of humbug engenders in the minds of persons endowed with a forty-bagman power of assurance. Only think of a pumpkin arraying itself in a cocked hat and

dilating upon military topics, with unexampled ignorance, but with the air of a Marshal of France! Yet this is the *statesman* who has prated so lustily about the Eastern Question:—

——signa canens dat Gallus Eoi!

The crowing cock, poor shrilly beast,
Proclaims a *rising in the East!*

The consequence of this signal explosion of Charlatanism, which fully justifies the cutting irony and contempt with which Lord Palmerston replied to Thiers's memorandums, was that the historical reputation of the "little great man" is now quite extinct in Paris, and that his publisher has withdrawn his promised concession of the magnificent sum of 500,000fr. to Thiers for a "History of the Empire" to form the suite of his "History of the Revolution." There never

was a more complete impersonation of Theodore Hook's inimitable Jack Brag than this same Monsieur Thiers, not in paltriness of person, vulgar volubility, and insane boasting alone, but in the ultimate detection of the little pretender and explosion of his *Châteaux en Espagne*. Slightly altering a pa[illegible] from Byron's Ode to

he fully accepts the project of law!! So much for the Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Humann, the Finance Minister, repudiates the assumed urgency of the measure, and demonstrates its ruinous, and (as he believes) useless expense—*yet declares without hesitation that he fully accepts the project of law!!* So much for the three leading members of this comparatively most virtuous, most well-minded, most dignified French ministry. What base reptiles must the small fry be when the leading "notabilities" of France act thus publicly [illegible] recorded convictions!

[illegible]

[illegible] the month of March 1840, a great sensation was occasioned at Paris by the prohibition of [illegible] de Balzac's drama of *Vautrin*. It was performed on a Saturday, and the order for its withdrawal came from the Censorship early on the Monday. The reason for this apparent inconsistency was that passages more or less innocuous in the closet came out with hundred-fold force on the stage. De Balzac is amongst the very best writers of France, but even amongst that class the most profligate. There are few immoralities which he does not invest with the most

dangerous interest, and for the landmarks assigned by the laws of God and man he appears to have a mere contempt. The hero of the prohibited drama was a convict at the galleys,

almost every hue have concurred in admitting the flagrant immorality of the piece; yet such was the mode of its reception by a refined Parisian audience. There is plainly not an audience in England that would not have hissed it off the stage before the end of the second act. *Mais, [illegible], l'Angleterre n'est pas la France!* True, [illegible] true. A drama almost as bad—*Lelia*, with [illegible] *bagne* still holds its place on the [illegible]sh stage; and three fourths of the French [illegible] is little better. The indignation of [illegible] is chiefly confined to compositions [illegible] politics: they do not appro[illegible] are little solicitous of Chastity in [illegible] the Chateau; and I have seen [illegible] *Marchin* Act and *Une Heroine* [illegible] prohibited at the same time that [illegible] was permitted to be nearly consummated [illegible] stage in one piece, and an actress [illegible] her very *chemise* in another!

[illegible]d, west a society of [illegible] which is being perfo[illegible]ed at this moment [illegible] great *éclat*:—a profligate soldier leads a loose [illegible]tron [illegible] to a field of wheat, most artificially [illegible]presented on the stage, in which the exculpable pair suddenly disappear amidst a flourish of trumpets!

When, early in June last, the sword of Austerlitz, of Wagram, and of Jena, was deposited with great solemnity in Louis Philippe's Citi[illegible] Chateau, the Republicans seized the event

to give it an extremely wicked comment. About the same time was completed the sword subsequently presented by the Municip young Count of Paris, Louis Phili son, bearing the inscription which below. "What does the sword o exclaimed Fondr- de Guerre, "in *tout-prix* receptacles, which are receive swords bearing for their ins words: '*Puisse-t-on ne pas s'en servi*

The disputes and discussions whic in both Chambers, apropos of the translating the remains of the Emp the most pitiful description. It was castic observation of Millemains, th refinement of enthusiasm. The liv of France sought to make themsel possible, in order to bring out mor *grand homme's* giant dimensions. It of Peers, the Reporter on the Proje fare.li. was *aucl* ugh to s need to insist upo admiration leon in this assembly, where I see s servants." *Faithful* servants, with

The Factory Children Question h discussed of late in France. Th Peers ultimately decided that no in any description of manufactu employed for a longer period tha a day. "*Parfaitement!*" said the Ba

vant, "and this has been decided by *old children who do nothing at all!*"

A project having been some time since enter-

The Prefect of the Ariège having been wounded in the lip in a popular tumult which occurred during the first days of the War fever, he commanded the troops to fire. The people immediately fled, and fortunately none were seriously wounded. A serious charge was made against him in the Chamber for giving the order to fire, for *si peu de chose*. "*Fallait-il donc, pour ce qu'il attendit d'être tué?*" was the *mot* of M. de Rémusat, the Minister of the

Madame Dosne, Thiers's mother-in- of making calembourgs, and some ones are attributed to her. One of t is the following:—She puzzled Dupin f of days by desiring him to inform h certain means of fixing Lov . At t period, Dupin confessing his inab satisfactory answer, she came to h "C'est de lui mettre des bas de pronounced like *filoselle*, and mean either to sew up Cupid's wings, with a pair of grogram stockings.

It is M. Portalis (also somethi sopher) who originated the celebr has been caught up in England and applied under almost every Gov vernment. Speaking of the administration, since 1830, he *sommes le peuple, qui paie le plus gouverné à bon marché.*"

A rumour having obtained circu

project of marriage between the Duke of Nemours and the Princess Victoria of Saxe Cobourg had been broken off, it was asserted in the Salons that the *dèbacle* was consequent upon the news having reached the Princess's family that the Duke had compromised himself in an Opera adventure with a dancing-girl, named Coquil-

CHAPTER X.

An inexplicable Machine.—The Wooden Destiny.—Stock-Robbers.—Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and William IV. of England.—Prolongation of the Lives of Kings and Stock-brokers.—Coolness of Marshal Valée in one of his Razias.—Breakfasting on a Volcano.—Fresh Fabrications of the Parisian Press.—Anecdote of Louis Philippe; Readiness of Thiers.—Epigram on the "Little Great Man."—Mediocrity of Living Art in France.—Louvre Exhibitions; the Hanging Jury.—Sketch of the French *Rapin*, or Unfledged Painter.—Infirmities of Artists of established Reputation.—A Dilettante Discussion.—Debasing Pursuits of French Students in Art.

France possesses a truly inexplicable machine, a machine which is fed, chameleon-wise, with air, which turns and wheels with every wind, which yields now to one impulse—now to another,—which becomes indifferently the vehicle of startling truths and fabulous narratives, speaks when it should be silent, and is silent at times when it ought to speak, a machine whose ramifications extend over the entire surface of her territory, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, from the Alps to the Pyrenees, though the strings are held and pulled at Paris alone—I mean the Telegraph.

Occupying an extremely elevated position in society, this *drôle*, like many others highly

placed, but by no means acting with commensurate dignity,

"Plays such fantastic tricks *beneath* high Heaven,"

as prove that the loftiest post may too palpably be disgraced by the most mediocre conduct. "Lying as fast as a horse can trot" is an antiquated proverb which should henceforth be changed to "lying like a Telegraph!"

"The Telegraph," said Millemains to me one day, in reference to this subject, "has accumulated on its weather-beaten and ricketty head all the faults, vices, inconsistencies, and ridicules of some thirty successive administrations in France. By turns it has been a grovelling lickspittle of the Court like a Vatout or a Montalivet, *fainéant* as an Academician, shifting and unstable as a member of the *parti* Barrot, *hâbleur* (romancer) as the Revolutionary programme issued from the Hôtel de Ville in 1830, lying like the *système-vérité* by which we are governed, pilfering like a big budgeteer, dotard as a Peer of France, unintelligible as a philosophical treatise of Cousin's, *bavard* as Barthe, and tricky as Thiers!!"

I laughed and acknowledged the truth of the description, remembering how the Telegraph and the *Moniteur* in concert had noted the progress of Napoleon from Elba to Paris: "The monster has escaped!"—"The turbulent usurper threatens the peace of the South!"—"The despot is on his way to Paris!"—"Numerous adherents

are said to have flocked to the tyrant's standard!" —"Napoleon is within 10 leagues of Paris!"— "The Emperor entered the Tuileries this day. His Imperial Majesty was received with the heartfelt congratulations of all his people!"

"*Saprelotte!*" exclaimed Foudre de Guerre, "the Wooden Destiny is as rotten as a Decazes. Only think of the pitiful rôle which it played the other day, during Valée's short campaign in Africa. We have now ascertained the fact that France lost nearly 800 of her bravest soldiers, while the rascally Telegraph was satisfied with repeating triumphantly each morning:—'*Les princes se portent bien!*' Since the Citizen Princes left Algeria, the Telegraph does not think it worth while to inform either itself or us of what is passing *là-bas*. But, to be sure, there are only 30,000 Frenchmen engaged in the struggle there with Abd-el-Kader—not worth pulling a string for! All that is essential is that our brace of Princes '*se portent bien.*' *Fichtre!* our 30,000 soldiers may die in their comfortless hospitals by thousands; *ce pendard de Télégraphe* considers these things as trifles beneath its notice!"

"'Trifles light as air,'" said I, "of which its own tales are compounded."

"Yes, but the cost of its maintenance," said Foudre, "is no such trifle. To keep up the establishment of the Towers of St. Sulpice, the Parisian terminus of this lying news-factory, costs

us between five and six millions of francs per annum. The service which it renders to the nation may be represented by *two liards!*"

"*En revanche*," said Millemains, "it performs a multitude of services for other people, who leave us to pay for its fugling. For a long time past it has been notoriously the *compère* of certain speculators at the Bourse—I mean stock-jobbers."

"Say rather stock-robbers," interposed Foudre de Guerre.

"Yes—stock-robbers—an atrocious species of wholesale plunderer. The Telegraph has long been their accomplice, aiding them marvellously with its 'intelligence interrupted by the fog.' Upon these occasions, it is not *le ciel* which is to be charged with the error, but the conscience of the Telegraph. Luckily it has none!"

"And thanks to these perpetual fogs," said Foudre de Guerre, "more than one *gros spéculateur* enjoys his days of cloudless sunshine. The mist explains the mystery of many a fortune."

"At times," observed Millemains, "the manœuvre is altered, but not the aim; and the Telegraph gesticulates in relation to the Bourse with marvellous celerity. Then does the news fly rapidly from mouth to mouth."

"From *pocket to pocket!*" said Foudre.

Millemains laughed his assent, and continued: "The Telegraph is not less fantastical, incon-

sistent, and incomprehensible, when foreign potentates are on the point of giving up the ghost, and being called to their *little* account—"

"*Qui doit être diablement long*," muttered Foudre de Guerre.

"Events like these may lead to the most important changes in the affairs of Europe, and correlatively in the public funds. Accordingly our official and stockjobbing gentry *take a vast deal of interest* in such matters. The Wooden Destiny has divers modes of proceeding upon such occasions. Thus in 1831, apropos of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, the Telegraph was a *régicide acharné*. Fifteen days after the actual demise, it killed his Catholic Majesty regularly each morning, being safe to resuscitate him next day. And these factitious deaths were the death of more than one fine fortune."

"Oh, *mort de ma vie*," sighed Foudre like a furnace, "that I had a fortune to kill!"

"In 1838," continued Millemains, "with reference to your William IV., the Telegraph played quite an opposite part. It was absolutely resolved that the ruler of the three Kingdoms should not set out for a better world; so that, thanks to its intervention, King William was still alive several hours after his death!"

"If we are to credit the *cancans* of the Bourse," said Foudre de Guerre, "this prolongation of the English monarch's life prolonged the lives of some twenty Parisian stock-robbers!"

"In the case of the old King of Prussia the other day," proceeded Millemains, "the Telegraph adopted an entirely new system. It held its tongue."

"*Ah!*" said Foudre, "*ce silence fait beaucoup parler!* Perhaps it was the interest of the Bourse that the King of Prussia should be neither living nor dead."

"I rather think," said Millemains, "that the old Sovereign's death, having been long expected, could exercise no manner of influence at the Bourse, and that the Telegraph did not choose to work for nothing for a King of Prussia. *Possible!*"

If it be not deemed irreverent, I think a slight modification of Von Wessenberg's *Letze Gericht* very applicable to this subject:—

"Welch ein schauern, welch ein beben,
Wenn herab der herr wird schweben,
Richter über tod und leben! * *
Und das buch liegt auf geschlagen;
Jeder liest sich eingetragen
Der mit wonne, der mit klagen!"

What a shivering, what a quaking
Seizes 'midst their money-making
Those for whom Bourse-bread is baking!
One with joy devours the batches
Which the Telegraph despatches;
T'other wight his numscull scratches!

Grandville, who is so well known throughout Europe for his extraordinary drawings of "*Bêtes à tête d'homme*," has favoured me with a sketch

illustrative of the operation of telegraphs, post-boys, hawks, and pigeons:—

Marshal Valée, whose *razias* in Algeria have been as reckless as anything commemorated of the Republican or Imperial swash-bucklers of France, is remarkable for his unruffled *sang*

froid; and, though his successor, Bugeaud, is a good soldier, it is doubtful whether he will exhibit the coolness of the Marshal in an incident of the campaign of Medeah:—The army was in a position of extreme difficulty, exposed on every side to the enemy's fire, when all of a sudden the sharp morning air, and the beautiful aspect of a neighbouring palm-grove, awoke an appetite in the belligerent Governor, who straightway resolved upon making a *déjeuner* then and there,—a *déjeuner* which, if I mistake not, will live in history. "*Parbleu,*" said Valée, "I shall plant my tent here—beneath this palm—and make my breakfast, for I have a prodigious appetite." In vain did his Etat Major object that to halt in such a spot would be extremely perilous.

"*J'ai faim,*" said the Marshal—"But the enemy may cause us a considerable loss"—"*Mon bifteek est cuit*—I cannot allow it to get cold"—"*Mais, mais la responsibilité,* should some misfortune arrive. Your Excellency's person will be the butt of their sharp-shooters"—"I must eat it with *beurre d'anchois* (anchovy sauce); it must be swallowed too *à point*" (the moment it is done). In brief, the Marshal had his meal, the Arab bullets flying round them for a relish. One or two French soldiers were hit, but the beefsteak was excellent. M. Salvandy, the late Minister of Public Instruction, when this incident was related to him, exclaimed: "*Ah! ah! il paraît que le Maréchal Valée a déjeuné sur*

un volcan. Our troops were exposed to the *coups des ennemis;* but the Marshal did not lose a *coup de dent!*"

As an illustration of the brazen audacity with which the Parisian Journals carry on the work of fabricated intelligence, I may mention the fact that, during the height of the war fever a very circumstantial lie was put forth with regard to the existence of a piece entitled, *Le Coq Gaulois chante, mais ne se bat pas,* alleged to have been performed at one of the London theatres. The *Globe* denounced the fabrication, whereupon a letter appeared in one of the Parisian theatrical journals, signed with the initials only of two Frenchmen, who declared that they were present at the representation, and gave the plot of the piece, adding that, on its being discovered that they were Frenchmen, *they were hissed out of the Theatre!*

"The force of *lying* could no further go."

Towards the end of the Thiers dynasty, Louis Philippe, who very much against his inclination was constrained to put up with Thiers's presence at the Tuileries at all hours of the day, happened once to make a false step on descending the great staircase. "Slippery times, Monsieur Thiers!" said the Citizen-King: "Sire, ce n'est qu'*un petit faux pas*" was Thiers's ready reply. This anecdote reminds me of one which is related of George III. On a visit to Covent Garden Theatre to see "The Birth Day," Harris, the

proprietor and manager, was lighting His Majesty from his box, when the King, not seeing some steps in the lobby, had nearly fallen; but, quickly recovering himself, he laughed and said to Harris: "Slippery times these, Harris; slippery times! We must look to our feet!" France was at that time making and unmaking Kings by wholesale; and the remark may have probably reached Louis Philippe's ears, and suggested his own *mot.* To prevent the recurrence of so disagreeable an accident, a cloth was subsequently laid on the ground, when the King repeated his visits to the Theatre.

Upon Thiers's accession to power, the following *jeu d'esprit* was circulated in the Salons, and by some attributed to an august pen:

"Les tripoteurs du jour, dans un nouveau transport,
Appellent Thiers *un aigle* et veulent qu'on les croie.
Eh mon Dieu! sur ce point nous sommes tous d'accord.
Que le petit ministre est *un oiseau de proie!*"

"It is extraordinary," said Millemains, one day that we returned weary and disgusted from the "Exhibition of 1840" at the Louvre—where we had infinite difficulty in discovering some half-dozen grains of wheat amongst bushels and hectolitres of chaff, "It is extraordinary, with the rage for art which exists in France, and the deep lip-homage for genius, what a mass of hopeless mediocrity pervades our Salons. These Louvre Exhibitions are year after year becoming worse; and a walk through the Galleries of

Versailles is enough to convince any reasonable man, who has patience to wade through the execrable daubings, that it would have been greatly for the benefit of Art if, like the wall which a facetious artist painted one uniform red to the dismay of the parsimonious contractor for the Destruction of the Egyptian Host in the Red Sea, the thousand and one battle scenes had been *all smoke!* The exposition at the Louvre is deserted by much of the legitimate talent: and but a few of the Kings of past seasons have remained this year in their tents of silk and gold. The irruption of Goths has disgusted the Classics, and the deluge of ignorant pretension has almost caused a final secession of pure and cultivated taste. The caprice or the incapacity of the Hanging Jury has done much to produce this result. Fancy a set of gorbellied adju-

tants in the National Guard, grocers and fiddlers and clumsy architects, who never sat before an easel in their lives, nor held a palette, nor studied from life or lay-figure, nor attended one solitary lecture, having the pretension to judge of the myriads of pictures which must be held in abeyance until they

> " Shake their ambrosial curls, and give the nod,
> The stamp of fate and Sanction of ' a god.' "

"There are wrongs on both sides," said an able critic who had joined us. "The Jury is not competent, but much less so is the *Rapin* (the familiar name for unfledged painters). The daubing, scratching, semi-sketching *Rapin* has a filthy fecundity which is most provoking to the Jury, irritated of necessity by the obstinate return in perpetuity of such a crowd of *baigneuses*, views at Fontainebleau, crucifixions, Magdalens, which were much better left in the state of bladders, with their contents unground. The *Rapin* is indebted to a master during his first year of study—the only one in which he deigns to submit to surveillance, for in his second year he is a master himself! Now, during that first year—the small-pox and hooping-cough era of the *Rapin*, let the Professor be vested with the right, by written agreement, of preventing his scurvy-ambitious pupil from exposing his juvenile infirmities in the Salon, his muddy landscapes, and his great compositions affected with

chilblains. At a single blow we shall thus have substracted from the ill humour of the Jury two hundred pairs of *baigneuses*, some fifty acres of landscapes at the least, and rather more than a thousand litres of rivers *forcing a passage through rocky ravines in the Pyrenees!*"

"Yet even this," I observed, "is better than the chalky, stiff, and corpselike figures, catalogued as 'Portraits,' with which our English Exhibition is annually deluged, intermixed with staring frights or theatrical groups miscalled 'Historical,' infantine and Nymphal' nakednesses of one uniform rosy red, and nondescript extravaganzas, remarkable for nothing but an indiscriminate outpouring of paint-pots, duckwise dabbled *ad libitum!*"

"Having disposed of the *Rapin*," said Millemains, "let us now proceed to the Master. Nothing is unfortunately vaguer than that title. To become a *maître d'armes* (fencing-master) you must eat of an apple with three *maîtres d'armes* belonging to a regiment of the line. To be a *maître de chausson* ('master of the pump'—'dancing-master') you must have kissed two dancing-masters *sur la bouche*, neither of whom will accord you that privilege, until you have given proof of your skill in public. To be a master in painting nothing whatever is required, whence it arises that in painting, right or wrong, once a person has attained by some lucky accident to the rank of master, he stills smells some-

what of the pupil. For proof you have only to observe how the greater number of artists of name are carried away by the rage of sending to the Salon even their most miserable rag of painted canvass. 'My historical picture is sublime,' says one, 'but my landscape is also fine!' —'My sea-scene is original, but my portrait is in excellent taste.'—'And my sketch! and my interior!. and my little battle-piece!' In short, every thing goes to the Exhibition. Deplorable abundance! Fatal prodigality! Is it requisite to furnish such a multitude of proofs to secure acceptation as a colourist, as skilful in composition, as full of the poetry of art, or as a thinker —if indeed there is thought in painting, which I may be permitted to doubt."

"Heretic!" exclaimed our critical friend. "Be confounded by the names of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. If indeed you limit your observation to the artists of modern France, the faculty of thinking may be doubted, unless exaggeration, foppery, and egregious vanity, be allowed to pass muster for the *mens divinior*. Our best efforts are caricature—there we shine unrivalled—and our most serious labours seldom soar beyond it!"

"It would be surprising, indeed," I observed, "if the Platonic Ideal of Beauty, Mental, Etherealized and Divine, which Michael Angelo and the master-spirits of his age, worshipped and consulted in all their works, were capable of

being appreciated by the youthful artists of modern France, so wholly absorbed by the gross indulgences and base pursuits of sensual passion, wallowing in profligacy, and dubiously acknowledging a God, selecting their models from sties of scarcely feminine corruption, relieving their labours with libidinous jest and song, revelling in their *ateliers* in all that can degrade both them and their paramours, and knowing no higher stimulus to exertion than that *outre-cuidante* vanity which never yet produced a closer approximation to the glorious old Masters of Art than that presented by a huge paint-bladder!"

"I feel the bitterness of the sarcasm," said Millemains, "yet can scarcely dispute its truth. I feel, moreover, that in the principle of selection a tenfold degree of fastidiousness must be embodied, or *c'en est fait de l'art de la France!* The exposition of the unlicked dauber's works must be confined to the sphere of his own *studio;* not a rag of canvass must be admitted without positive merit. Artists, whose names are known to fame, must be controlled and limited to the exhibition of a couple of pictures at most. The power of fresh exposition is renewed every nine months—a period which is scarcely enough for the production and completion of one good picture, but more than sufficient *en revanche* for the painting of ten that are execrable. Constituting himself his own jury *de la première instance*, the

artist should make choice of his best picture for the solemn annual exposition, whilst upon the other hand the jury should invest itself with the right of not accepting more than two, even of the greatest painter."

Our critical friend concurred in the reasonableness of this suggestion, and added that, by the aid of these two reforms so easily effected, a most desirable diminution would be immediately obtained in the distracting number of pictures sent to the Exhibition, the pupil would be deprived of the opportunity of conceiting himself to be a Master, and the Master of remembering and repeating the tricks of his pupillage. To this brief notice I may add that each year an inconceivable number of pictures is rejected, independently of their artistical merits, on the score of gross immorality, profligate indecency, and contemptuous ridicule of the religious sentiment —another phase of Gallican civilization.

CHAPTER XI.

Mortified Feelings excited by the Omission of France in Her Majesty's Speech.—Foudre de Guerre's furibund Declamation thereanent.—*Mot* of M. Sauzet's (President of the Chamber of Deputies).—Bugeaud and the *Arrière-pensée* of the Fortifications.—Unlucky Expressions of the Presidents of the Chambers of Peers and Deputies.—The *Drapeau* of the Tuileries.—Patriotic *Niaiserie* àpropos of a Horse of the Duke of Orleans.—A Consular Quadruped.—Strictures on the French Dramatic Censorship.—Horrors of the Parisian Stage.—Familiar Insults to the Deity and to the Divine Attributes.—Morale of *Bals Masqués*.—Prevailing Love of Sensual Enjoyment; its fatal Effects.—Inconsistency and Cowardice of the Censors.—Talleyrand (Portrait).

It is no easy matter to form an estimate of the mortified feelings, which pervaded the Parisian community, on the occasion of the omission of all mention of France in the Speech delivered by Her Majesty from the throne, at the opening of the Session of Parliament for 1841. Amongst the War party the universal exclamation was that there was now no more question of France than if it no longer existed—that foreign diplomacy had insolently razed its name from the list of European nations; and that the Juste-Milieu Government had allotted to it, in Queen Victoria's Speech, the rank which precisely fitted it —a mere nullity! The observations of Foudre

de Guerre may be considered as a fair *résumé* of all that was said on the subject.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Not a paragraph, not a phrase, not a word, not a syllable, not even a comma—*rien de rien!* See the return which is made to our system for all its abasement and all its turpitude;—the overthrow of a ministry, the substitution of Guizot for Thiers, has made so little progress towards effecting a reconciliation, that the English Government observes towards us a disdainful and contemptuous silence. *Quel soufflet!* It was well worth while to sacrifice the Premier-Mars, (Thiers's Administration). What worse could have happened, if the Vingt-Neuf-Octobre (Guizot's) had never been promoted? Unless, perhaps, Guizot should pretend that, if Thiers had been continued in office, the English speech would have contained insults directed against France, whilst, with Guizot in power, it said absolutely nothing, which is *en effet* a progress! What hopes destroyed, what castles in Spain, or rather in England, overturned! Never did Cabinet, in such a position, suffer more gross impertinence. Guizot is insulted to the very cravat, *la bride jusqu'où l'on peut insulter les ânes humains!* 'We are positively certain,' exclaimed the Vingt-Neuf-Octobre, 'of the re-establishment of the English Alliance; and the proof is that in the approaching speech to be delivered by Queen Victoria from the throne there will be a friendly word put in for the French Govern-

ment.' This friendly word was the *dernier mot* of Guizot's policy. What concessions, what sacrifices had not been made and repeated to secure this one little word, which was to convert Lord Melbourne's *sweeping-brush* into an olive-branch? What pains to tune up Guizot's fiddle for a return to the Concert Européen! The latest and

most disgusting is the signing of the Mackau-treaty at Buenos Ayres, which has caused a two-years' blockade to terminate in a result so totally unforeseen and unprovided for that the French whom our armament went out "to protect" in that quarter, have been compelled to protest against their protectors, and exclaim with suppliant hands stretched forth towards the Juste-Milieu: '*Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne nous pro-*

tégez pas tant, mon brave homme!' Not this alone, but a thousand other concessions, platitudes, and humiliations, the enumeration of which, like M. Guizot's face, when he first perused Queen Victoria's Speech, *would be much too long! 'Cré nom d'un chien!* upon conditions like these, it was but reasonable to expect a phrase—nay a word would have sufficed in the opening Speech. *Mais, dame!* not even a modest conciliatory *colon* was inserted. So far as regarded the punctilio of punctuation, England was obstinately resolved to show us nothing but *les deux poings!"*

I could not refrain from laughing at this calembourg of Foudre's, which, considering the passion the man was in, was certainly rather neat—*point* and *poing* having the same sound, the one signifying a "stop" and the other a "fist."

M. Sauzet, President of the Deputies, made a pleasant remark *en petit comité* on the quiet and conciliatory tone of the next discourse delivered by M. Guizot after the receipt of Her Majesty's *sub silentio* Speech with regard to France: "Guizot," said the facetious President in an under tone, "is extremely *civil* towards England, precisely because he is resolved on no account to become *military*."

General Bugeaud, the new Governor of Algeria, in a speech which he made shortly before he set out for Africa, on the fortification question,

uttered the following sentiment with much patriotic emphasis: "Paris must absolutely be defended against invasion. My forehead burned in 1815, and still burns, at the thought of having seen a foreign foe twice in Paris." A day or two afterwards, while conversing with some familiars, he was heard to say: "Let them only give us the fortifications, and upon the first occasion that arises, after a four-and-twenty hours' siege, there won't be a Radical Journalist left in Paris." This was the cloven foot, with a vengeance. Bugeaud is not the first that has drawn a nest of hornets about his ears by wagging too long a tongue. It was a happy day for him when he left France, for during his stay Paris was made too hot to hold him.

Temperate language, and a dignified bearing, are among the first requisites of the President of a Constitutional legislative Assembly. To be *silent*, except upon occasions of absolute necessity, is the business of a *speaker* of the House of Commons—a paradoxical fact which has astounded most of us in our youth, when it first came to our knowledge. This functionary is a standing exception to the venerable adage:

——"Nemo silens placuit."

In our Houses of Lords and Commons, whatever may have been the ability of our successive presidents, at least the public mind has been rarely revolted by unworthy or inopportune expressions of opinion. The proverbial loquacity of France

has, however, burst forth in repeated *gaucheries* delivered *ex cathedrâ;* and it was only in the month of June last that I heard M. Sauzet, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, say upon the occasion of a petition being presented, complaining of the wretched condition of the working population: "*Mais la Chambre des Députés ne donne de l'ouvrage à personne!!*" In equally wretched taste was the pendent furnished a few days after by Baron Pasquier, the President of the Chamber of Peers: M. Octave Boissy was charging the African administration of Marshal Valée in strong terms with incapacity, when he was interrupted by the President thus. I extract from the official report:—

"*President:* I cannot permit such language to be used in the Tribune.

"*M. de Boissy:* I am not pronouncing a merely personal opinion: I am making myself the organ of an opinion which is generally entertained.

"*President: Il n'appartient à personne de se faire à cette tribune l'organe de l'opinion publique!*"

The popular party in the press and the Salons caught up this unfortunate expression, as may well be conceived, with the utmost avidity, and furnished an obvious comment: "Exactly what we have been saying every day. But it is the first time that we have heard from a Peer of France—from the official head of the Peerage—that none of his colleagues has the right to make himself the representative of public opinion, and

speak in the name of France. *Monsieur Pasquier rend justice à ses pairs!*"

The *drapeau* which floats over the Tuileries has been as much quizzed almost as the monarch who reposes (as well as his subjects will let him) beneath its folds. Towards the end of the first year of his possession of the Procrustian bed of Royalty, its colours were alleged to have grown dim and tarnished. Three years after 1830, the red and the blue had almost entirely disappeared; and the tricoloured banner of the Barricade *régime* might easily be mistaken, said the popular party, for the old white Oriflamme of Saint-Denis. It was impossible to perceive the slightest difference between them. Six years subsequently, the stuff of which it was composed became soiled and stained, in addition to having its colours defaced, and the national flag, in the hands of the Juste-Milieu, after having changed into a *drapeau blanc*, ended by becoming a dish-clout! The quantity of affronts and insults which this dishonoured rag had wiped up was far beyond the power of calculation; and Altaroche, in the *Chansons* which he published in 1835—the only compositions in this *genre* which can be placed by the side of Béranger—said or sung of Louis Philippe and the Tuileries flag:

"Au drapeau redouté
Que sa main faible étale,
Le blanc seul est resté;
Encore est-ce un blanc sale."

Amongst the absurdities which characterized the outburst that immediately followed the promulgation of the signing of the Treaty of July, the bellicose bombast, and the *Marseillaise* madness, I am not aware that there was any more ridiculous than the following. In the latter end of July a horse belonging to the Duke of Orleans happened to win the cup at one of our English races—Epsom. Thereupon *La Presse*, a dynastic journal, conducted by a relative (blanket reversed) of His Majesty the King of the French, sounded its trumpet after the following fashion :—

" *Romulus*, a horse belonging to the Duke of Orleans, has just gained the prize at the celebrated races which have taken place in England. *This is a good omen.*"

The allusion to the warlike name of the horse, put by the French writer in italics, and the omen derived therefrom for the result of the great contest supposed to be approaching, might perhaps have been excused in a hot Republican journalist; but, coming from a writer usually so judicious as M. Emile de Girardin, it was peculiarly absurd—and the more especially since both horse and jockey *happened to be English*—so that (saving the accident of the horse having been a short time before purchased by the Duke) it was in all respects an English victory. French horse-flesh, even as sported by people of fashion, is a pretensious defrauding of the knacker. A

cheval Anglais is amongst them an object of the highest ambition, and it is usually a broken-down hunter!

Will it be credited that this paltry affair was taken up in a boastful sense in all the Cafés and Salons of Paris, as if it was in reality a first advantage obtained over our countrymen, and as if a French horse had conquered us, *en attendant les armées Françaises!* Yet so it was; and I am surprised that Foudre de Guerre did not repay me with a blow of his long knife, when, ridiculing the event and the fuss which had been made about it, I parodied one of the National Songs, and exclaimed:—

"Reine du monde, ô France! ô ma patrie! Relève enfin ton front cicatrisé. Tu l'emportes sur la perfide Albion, *d'un quart de tête!* Honneur aux *chevaux* de la France!"

The shape which the whole affair assumed may be thus succinctly expressed:

France has triumphed in the person of the Duke of Orleans:

The Duke of Orleans has triumphed in the person of his horse!

which may perhaps be complimentary both to France and to the Duke, but which, nevertheless, appears to me to be *un peu bête*. It strikes me that the "great nation" should have taken a hint from the Roman Emperor, and made this horse First Consul!!

Disgusted by these paltry jealousies, let me appeal to the opinions of a neutral nation, and see what the Germans think upon such matters. I quote from the noble ode: "Der Freie:"

Wer ist ein freier mann?
Dem seinen frommen glauben
Kein frecher spötter rauben
Kein Klügling meistern kann;
Der selbst im feind, im heiden,
Den menschen unterscheiden,
Die tugend schatzen kann!

PFEFFEL.

What man is truly free of soul?
He whom no scoffer insolent
Can rob of high hopes Heav'nward sent,
No sneering wiseacre control!
Who ev'n in foe or heathen can
Clear-eyed distinguish still the man,
And valour prize ev'n at the Pole!

PEPPER.

I recommend Young France to learn German as soon as possible, if it were only to become instructed in such liberal sentiments as the foregoing with which the whole Teutonic literature is strewn. To be sure, they are not peculiar to Deutschland: "Den menschen unterscheiden" is

but an echo of Terence's "Humani nil alienum," and of Burns's rattling:

"A man's a man for a' that!"

But to such wholesome, racy, pure, and healthful sentiment, French letters are unfortunately alien, abounding rather in such sentiments as this of Voltaire, which I will venture to say, with all its cold infidelity, and positive, outrageous immorality, is more popular in France than any single passage of Shakspeare is in England:—

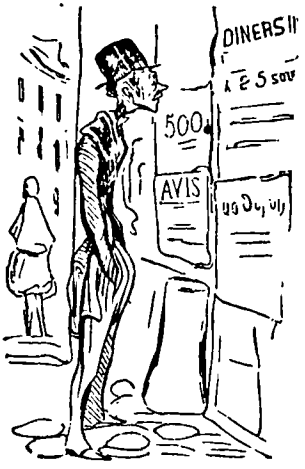
"Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir!!"

Since the prohibition of M. Gozlan's piece: "There was once upon a time a King and a Queen," the Censorship has been subjected to a running fire of attacks from the War Party. At the Boulevard Theatres, where the dialogue is invariably in the *ad captandum* style, a host of greasy "dramatic authors" seasoned their pieces with flings at the English, hoping at the same time to please their audiences, and obtain a portion of Gozlan's questionable notoriety. The Censorship was compelled by consistency, if by nothing else, to excise all these offensive allusions. The playwrights plied them with work in abundance; and the joke ran at last that a simple "*et cætera*" was cut out, as containing some implied offence against "our excellent ally, England." A piece called the "*Tailleur de la Cité*" was produced, in which a favourite come-

dian named Arnal was made to say: "*Un Anglais ne fait rien pour rien,*" evidently alluding to some supposed intention on our part to indemnify ourselves for our trouble in Syria by a seizure of territory. These words were after the first representation suppressed. In a drama, of which the scene was laid in the time of Joan of Arc, a French chief exclaimed: "*En avant: let us fall headlong on the English!*" The Censorship changed this to: "Let us fall headlong on the enemy!" The Censorship was then caricatured under the form of "*Chasse à l'Anglaise;*" and its members were represented with long snouts, sniffing out every word and phrase which might possibly be interpreted into any thing offensive to the English. "The Censorship, *fichtre!*" said Foudre de Guerre; "it cuts up like a pork-butcher; it clips like a brace of binders; it snips like a half dozen of *couturières;* it scores out like twelve *redacteurs en chef.* In short, it abuses all the possible methods of cutting and hashing; and the muffin-vender in the boulevards, with the significant name—'*Père Coupetoujours,*' is not a fleabite to this slashing conclave of inquisitors. Possibly (he added) it is to punish your Queen and her Ministers for making no mention of France in the speech from the throne, that the French Government will not permit our authors to say one word of England in their pieces!"

I could readily forgive the Censorship for

permitting the representation of Gozlan's piece, and a hundred others stuffed with impotent flings at the English, if their duties were exercised with stern rigidity in a moral point of view. Ever since the Revolution of 1830, licentiousness and blasphemy have been daily encroaching on the French stage, until at last no piece will escape damnation which has not a plentiful sprinkling of either of these disgusting spices, for which the Parisian populace hunger, like a penniless, thin-gutted devil at a Restaurant window :—



The surest way to make a piece popular is to introduce the Devil's name into its title. Thus we have the Devil in Love, the Devil on Two Sticks, the Devil in Paris, the Devil on his

Travels, the Devil in his Court of Pandemonium, a Revolt in Hell, and a thousand other lugubrious pleasantries. Upon all these occasions, too, a host of she-devils dance about the stage in a state of almost entire nudity. The scant portion of drapery which they wear is usually brimstone-colour—a hue which is politely described as "*aux flammes d'Enfer.*" Tailors placard dresses of this popular *shade* in their windows, with the blasphemous name written in full; and the Devil figures again as the most popular patron of the newest waltz: "*Valse du Diable!*" Perhaps this might be pardoned; but what will be said of introducing jokes on the "*Père Eternel*" in theatrical pieces, which are baptized with the Devil's name, and of 500 people dancing away at the *Bals Masqués* of the Renaissance Theatre to a tune which is infamously described as the "*Galop infernale du dernier Jugement!!*"*

* My readers may form some idea of the cool complacency with which these things are received by the Parisian population, as if their titles did not contain the least sprinkling of blasphemy, from the following literal translation of an ordinary advertisement in the newspapers: "To-day, *Sunday*, the 31st January, the Theatre of the Renaissance will give its fifth masked ball. This announcement is well worthy the attention of those who have not yet assisted at these brilliant nocturnal fêtes, who have not heard Dufrène, and his powerful orchestra, executing the Infernal Galop of the Last Judgment, and who have not seen the splendid lighting of the Renaissance by gas, which was tried for the first time at the last ball."

These *Bals Masqués* have been recently introduced upon the same great scale into London, and I most deeply regret it. They cannot fail to be, from their very nature, covers for the grossest immorality, and profligacy of conduct, to which the hidden face affords such an unbounded license. In Paris they have greatly tended to spread still more universally the corruption which pervades the working female population, including all who are necessitated to earn their bread by any occupation whatsoever. At these balls, long before the opening of the doors, crowds upon crowds of masks are seen to besiege all the avenues leading to the theatre; and the females are, almost invariably, arrayed in male attire, of such a description as to make a most meretricious exposure of the person. From the moment the doors are opened, until the gray light of morning, dancing, drinking, revelling, intriguing, and profligacy, reign paramount. Quadrilles perverted into indecency, and still more indecent waltzing and galloping, where the vile *cancan* ever and anon obtrudes its disgusting form, are intermixed with the most glaring immoralities of gibe and repartee exchanged amongst the characters, and a copious draining of liquors proportioned, in the expensiveness of their quality, to the purses of the parties respectively, until the major part roll away drunk, to consummate their profligacy in chance-assorted pairs.

This extreme love of sensual enjoyment, which

pervades the entire mass of modern French society, is more fatal to the general tone of social morality than any other French characteristic. Hence thieving to supply the means of dissipation; hence chicanery, dishonesty, and swindling, where parties are too prudent to steal directly. Hence the most heartless avarice, which makes it a literal fact that at the present day no family contract or agreement about money-matters has the slightest chance of being adhered to, unless it have been formally drawn up on paper, and solemnly recorded by a notary. Hence no Frenchman will trust his brother's mere word in a matter of 50 francs, any more than he would trust him with his mistress. Every thing that comes in contact with Parisian society is contaminated and defiled; and those *ci-devant* simple and upright patterns of honest integrity, the Savoyard, the Breton, and the Auvergnat, have of late years been transmuted, like the bulk of Parisian servants, into notorious rogues.

The censorship is unquestionably most disgracefully lax on the score of morality; and, considering the influence which Parisian manners exercise over the entire structure of European society—indeed, over the whole civilized world—it holds a terrific responsibility. Though a tithe of the Parisian grossness would not be tolerated on the British stage, enough may be seen daily at our minor theatres to convince the most liberal-minded Englishman of the injury

done amongst us by these villanous importations, however diluted. Yet, the Parisian censorship affects to be scrupulous, and rejects a vast number of pieces, whose profligacy may be conceived from the immorality of those whose representation is duly licensed. In truth, the censorship at Paris is cowardly, inconsistent, and wavering. We have a favourite saying—"taking the bull by the horns"—and this is what is wanted at the other side of the Channel. An absolute veto should be imposed upon every thing, not only obscene or impious, but even of immoral tendency. An universal expurgation is required, and a sturdy cleansing of the Augean stable. Here is a specimen of their mode of proceeding. There was lately produced in Paris a vaudeville, which on its original presentation to the censorship was objected to—and justly, with a witness. The principal personages of the drama consisted of a law student and a grisette, living together without any sanction from Monsieur le Maire, in the shape of a "needless marriage formulary." The lovers quarrelled, and after a considerable period of cat-and-dog life, became reconciled, whereupon, according to the manuscript, they agreed to continue together as before, averring that the "needless marriage formulary" would undoubtedly only make matters worse. The Censorship held this conclusion to be inadmissible; and the author paralleled his *dénouement* in *Le Commis et la Grisette* (which has often been

performed in London in the original French) and a thousand other pieces. The Censorship very properly held that if wrong was permitted before, this was no valid reason for its repetition, and required that the piece should be terminated by a substantial legitimate marriage. The author, described as "a man of *esprit* and taste," expressed himself disgusted with the notion of winding up a little domestic intrigue with a marriage between a probable future Attorney-General and a milliner. "I shall fling my manuscript into the fire, first," said he, twirling his moustache furiously, and retiring. This had its effect. Upon his next visit to the Censors, he found that body considerably mollified; and they declared that they would be quite satisfied, if he consented to introduce a few words at the *dénouement*, pointing in remote perspective to an indefinitely distant promise of marriage. This most delusive of humbugs, which all the young men amongst the audience understood perfectly well to mean nothing, typifies admirably the sort of morality of which these men are the patrons; and their conduct throughout the transaction displayed a want of firmness and principle, which in the exercise of such grave functions must lead to the most pernicious consequences. Perhaps, it would be too much to expect a rigid adherence to speculative morality in individuals whose personal character is not beyond suspicion. Statesmen whose own conduct is not irreproachable, only make themselves

ridiculous by exacting rigid observances from others; and it must be remembered, that these Censors act in the name and by the orders of Mons. Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior, who is known to relieve his grave political conferences by conferences of another description, with a certain Mlle. * * * *. Until the tone of morality in France is somewhat improved, we must expect a Machiavellian Censorship, and in each Censor a petty Talleyrand.

CHAPTER XII.

Elias Regnault's Opinion of the French Legislature.—Descartes' Formula falsified.—Martin du Nord.—Ludicrous Illustration of his Ultra-Royalist Propensities.—Decazes, the Grand Referendary.—Illustration of Modern French Gallantry.—Curious Appreciation of the English Character.—Severity of the Administration of Justice in France.—"Extenuating Circumstances."—Irregularity of Proceedings at Criminal Trials.—Political Trials.—Compliance of Judges and Jurors.—Working Men's Combinations.—Case of M. Bergeron.—Excess of Judicial Sentences against Political Writers.

M. Elias Regnault, the able translator of Jeremy Bentham's works, has prefixed to his translation a very remarkable letter addressed to M. Garnier-Pagès, in which the vices of the French Parliamentary system are vigorously handled. "If we consider (says M. Regnault) the mode in which our Legislative Parliament was constructed in 1814, it is easy to prove that it was false in its origin, false in its organization, false in its innate nature. What is it else, in truth, but a poor imitation of the English Parliament, an exotic production transplanted to a region for which it was not created, buried in a soil in which it could take no root, living artificially and by the aid of artifice? The British Parliament is a perfect representation of British manners, of the influence of money, the power of names, and the pride of

traditions. But amongst us what is it that the Chamber represents? With its high fiscal qualification it is not a democracy; with its merchants and bankers it is not an aristocracy; with its pretensions to govern, timid as these are, it is not a monarchy. It is a *bizarre* medley of advocates who do not represent the bar, of magistrates who do not represent the magistracy, of proprietors who do not represent property, of merchants who do not represent industry, of military men who do not represent the army, of functionaries who do not represent the administration. Neither general principles, nor particular principles, are there to be met with. Do not ask the Chamber, then, what it is. The Chamber would find it difficult to affirm that it exists at all. Perhaps it would be rash even on its part to attempt to prove it by the formula of Descartes: "*Je pense; donc je suis.*"

M. Martin du Nord is an able member of the Soult-Guizot administration. The appellation "du Nord" is a mere distinctive epithet to determine his identity—there being nearly as many "Martins" in France as there are "Smiths" in England, or "Murphies" in Ireland. M. Martin, like most of the existing Statesmen of France, has gone through an almost inevitable round of political inconsistencies which add to his Northern notoriety.

In 1815, upon the occasion of Louis the Eighteenth's second return to France, Martin

like Guizot was one of those who hastened to the monarch and hailed his fresh advent to power. He professed the liveliest enthusiasm towards the restored Sovereign; and this enthusiasm was said to have extended itself to the bayonets of the Allies which served as an escort for Louis XVIII. "It is quite natural (said one of M. Thiers's partisans) that M. Martin, an ex-adorer of the Cossacks, should figure to-day in the *Ministère de l'Etranger*," for so the Soult-Guizot administration was habitually termed by its enemies:

> "'L'on y revient toujours
> "'A ses premiers *Pandours!*'"

At that same epoch (1815) M. Martin left his native town of Douai, in consequence of its having refused to open its gates to the Allied forces. He thence proceeded to Cambrai, where Louis XVIII. then was, with an offer of service and devotion. Upon this occasion the "Bourbono-Cosaque"—as Martin was termed by the male-contents—made himself somewhat ridiculous by assuming the most extravagant airs of courtiership; and having found some snuff lying in the old Sovereign's bed after his departure, he respectfully gathered it up with a small spoon *en vermeil*, in the presence of several old awe-stricken Royalist women, and caused it to be collected into a signet-ring, which he wore upon one of his fingers during the whole period of the Restoration! I do not guarantee the authenti-

city of this ridiculous story, but can vouch for the fact of its being current in the Parisian *salons*.

After the events of July, 1830, M. Martin succeeded in influencing his fellow-townsmen of Douai to agree to an address unfavourable to the pretensions of the Duc de Bordeaux to succeed to the crown of his ancestors; and ever since that period he has been the sworn friend of the Orleans dynasty. There is a joke afloat which says that of late years poor Martin has not been able to pick up one grain of the august Royal snuff—he being the servant of a Court, *which suffers nothing to go to loss!*

Poor Decazes, the Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, (once an able man, but like

the majority of French Statesmen not overburthened with principle,) is tottering fast into his grave. A malicious Republican made Decazes very uneasy some time since by asserting that his admirers (if, indeed, he had one in the world) would find it difficult in after times to discover his name upon his tomb, since it was quite mani-

fest that some pious hand would carefully remove the name of "Decazes" in obedience to the general injunction: "Défense de déposer des *immondices* auprès de ce monument." The chief offences of Decazes' life have consisted of immoderate gallantries. If he is utterly *blasé* now, he has certainly had a merry life of it. He was the first, I believe, to introduce the now familiar practice of tossing up for a mistress, where he found himself embarrassed by a rival. In this tasteful and delicate system, which he declares to have saved him the effusion of a deal of money and a trifle of blood, he has been followed pretty generally by the heroes of Young France, so rapid is the progress in cynical nonchalance and hard worldliness of disposition which these hopeful youths are making.

When two young men have laid eyes on the same *grisette*, and some personal inconvenience might result from their common pursuit of an indivisible object, instead of appealing to arms and measuring swords, or mutually smelling powder, or (what would appear to be still more germane to the matter) leaving it to the taste of the young lady herself to determine between the merits of the rival claimants, they decide the matter by *a quiet toss-up*, with a franc or a sou piece, as the case may be, and abide by the decision as coolly as if there were question only of a billiard-cue or an old smoking-cap. Well might Burke exclaim, when speaking of the

murderers of Marie Antoinette, that "the days of Chivalry are gone!" Yet it is questionable whether even the heroes of the first Revolution would have taken matters so coolly where their natural affections were concerned. I have witnessed more than one scene of this description even in public Cafés and Estaminets; the matter is put beyond all dispute by the fact of Gavarni having introduced a similar scene into his celebrated lithographed series of "Mœurs Parisiennes," which every one acknowledges to be true to the life. And, furthermore, a Parisian novelist has made this the foundation of one of his tales which he calls "*A pile ou face*," and in which (*proh pudor!*) he has made an Englishman, "Sir John" the propounder of this mode of settling with a rival his pretensions to the hand of a beautiful woman, whom he loves to such distraction that, losing the toss, he straightway goes off *and shoots himself*. So accurate is their appreciation of the English character!

The severity of the administration of Justice in France is in many cases so excessive as to be quite repugnant to our English notions of equity; while in others, where there is question of the most profligate criminals, the Jury in almost every instance pares down its verdict with "extenuating circumstances." Let the murder be ever so deliberate—the parricide (a common enough crime in France) ever so atrocious, you

are sure to be disgusted, by reading at the end of the report of the trial in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, those incomprehensible words under circumstances of the clearest and most undeniable guilt: "*Le Jury a déclaré le prisonnier coupable*, AVEC DES CIRCONSTANCES ATTÉNUANTES." Such freaks of justice betoken but a very slight advance upon Cossack civilization. It will be said by the victims of Gallomania that this mode of returning the verdict is solely attributable to the prevalent aversion to the infliction of capital punishment. Well; is this a reason why Jurors, sworn pretty nearly as ours are, should tack *a lie upon oath* to the tail of their verdicts; for surely their finding cannot be a true one (a *verè dictum*) where the evidence has not furnished the slightest shadow of an extenuating circumstance. Whether capital punishment is a stain on the statute-book or not, so long as it remains there, it is not for Juries to volunteer an opinion in their judicial capacity, upon the fitness or unfitness of its application. Theirs is a simple duty: to pronounce upon the evidence whether the prisoner is "guilty" or "not guilty." All ulterior considerations are for the Judge who tries, and the Executive and Sovereign in the last resort. The Jurors may petition in their private capacity, if they will, for an alteration in the state of the law. But, while they are in the box, they have simply to pronounce between God and man, according to the best of their judgment, upon the

truth or falsehood of the charge before them. They *lie* before God and man when they allege that there are "extenuating circumstances," knowing that there are none. It would be an impertinence to impress such matters upon an English Juror. Not so with those of France. If their own countrymen do not choose to point out the path of duty, it is as well that a foreigner should do so, even though it be with a blush on his cheek that he finds himself compelled to instruct them in the first rudiments of justice.

The extreme irregularity, and, indeed, the utter monstrosity of many of the proceedings at the trial of Madame Laffarge, has drawn the eyes of all Europe to the *bizarreries* of the French mode of proceeding in criminal cases. The excessive tediousness, the cumbrous details, the wearisome inquiry into a hundred different matters, which were altogether "out of the record,"—the puerile fastidiousness as to the eligibility of particular witnesses, the overlaying of the entire proceedings with extraneous investigation leading to nothing—and, above all, the absolute want of a necessary link to complete the evidence, which (though no one doubts her guilt) was unquestionably requisite for a judicial conviction—all these are matters which reflect a strange light upon the much-boasted French civilization, and beget nothing but contempt for claims which are so obviously ill-founded.

The compliance of French judges and juries in

political trials is another stain upon the national honour, which nothing can wipe out or gloss over. The exceptional cases of the Strasburg and a few other affairs prove nothing, or rather prove the prevalence of an utter recklessness of principle throughout France. It is either *all against the prisoners or all with them*, without respect or reference to the evidence. In ordinary cases the wishes of the Government are meekly subserved, care being taken that there shall be a preponderance of *well-disposed* National Guards on the

panel. But let the Press once sound the tocsin —the press which is omnipotent in France—and the prisoners are almost as sure to be liberated. There is none of that rugged, sturdy, independence in the French, which is to be found in the English, character; and the dread of being subjected to the censure, annoyance, sarcasm,

and ridicule of neighbours, strongly impressed through the susceptibility of their natural dispositions by the sophisms or reasonings of the popular press, is sure to secure a verdict in consonance with the wishes of a knot of journalists. "*L'opinion dispose de tout*," said Pascal. "*La presse dispose de tout*" would be still truer, predicated of his modern countrymen.

Judges are still more compliant than juries; and in proof of this humiliating fact I could refer to a thousand cases of the most terribly severe sentences for comparatively venial political offences. I shall cite two from my portfolio, which are only a few months old. In the latter end of September a number of working men were found guilty of illegal combinations, having chiefly for their object to increase the rate of wages. But nothing of violence in the way of beating severely or murdering was proved or even alleged against them. Some 40 of these men were condemned to terms of imprisonment varying *from two to three years, at hard labour,* with as many years of police surveillance after the expiration of their several sentences. The Royal Court of Paris was appealed to. Deluded men! Many persons of moderate political views were of opinion that as the judgments pronounced in the first instance were clearly *ab irato* under the influence of recent events, the extreme severity of these sentences would be softened by the superior judges; and the Minister,

by not insisting on the immediate application of the punishment, had given some show of sanction to this hope. But the Upper Court (as the initiated had all anticipated) simply confirmed the previous sentences. Here then were the future prospects of 40 poor workmen totally destroyed, and their families reduced to penury and despair, for the crime of entering a coalition having for its object to procure an increase of wages, by the system of "turning out," and inducing—coercing, if you will—others to join them, but without the slightest allegation of acts of personal violence. Rhadamanthus himself would not go beyond this in asperity. The result of this appeal was a sad thing for the working men and their families; but still worse for justice itself, which dies the moment it loses the public respect.

The second case to which I shall allude is that of M. Bergeron, one of the writers for the *Charivari*, of the particulars of whose assault of M. Emile de Girardin at the Opera most of my readers are, no doubt, in possession. For this offence Bergeron was convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and to the payment of a heavy fine besides. This was universally admitted to be at least a fourfold measure of punishment; and Bergeron appealed—*most foolishly*, as the result will show. It was no doubt the flagrant excess of the punishment which induced his friends to counsel or sanction this course. But, knowing how hateful the plain-speaking of

the *Charivari* is to the Tuileries and to all in power, I am astonished that so judicious and able a man as M. Altaroche, the late Editor of the *Charivari*, did not arrest Bergeron in his career of folly. To be sure, no one would have anticipated the monstrous result. Bergeron appealed; the Cour Royale galloped over the case; and Bergeron's sentence was thus modified. His *two years'* term of imprisonment was made *three years;* and the monied fine was nearly doubled! The plain secret was that the Judge and Louis Philippe were as much one as man and wife—that the *Charivari*, represented by Bergeron, was a vehement political assailant of the powers that be, and the *Presse*, represented by M. de Girardin, an able and determined supporter of the Château and its adherents. There is reason in the roasting of eggs and criminals; and the milk of kindness becomes gall in the breasts of courtier judges. Within a week after this humane decision, which locks a man up for three years, and mulcts him heavily besides for a single blow, a thief was visited by the same Court with scarcely a third part of the rigour for *an aggravated robbery*. An unnatural father and mother, who reduce their child to a skeleton by process of deliberate starvation, and have cruelly beat it daily for months, so that the preservation of its life is little short of a miracle, are sentenced to *one half* the term of imprisonment which is inflicted on M. Esquiros for the promulgation of

his abstract political opinions (subversive, I grant, of existing social institutions, but containing no recommendation of physical force,) in his work entitled *L'Evangile du Peuple*, and to *one third* the term to which M. de Lamennais has been sentenced for a similar offence in his brochure, *Le Pays et le Gouvernement*. The written libel is further mulcted with a fine, while the attempt at infanticide is in this respect suffered to go scot free! Is not this enough to make the blood boil in honest veins? Eternal thanks to Heaven that has made us Englishmen!

CHAPTER XIII.

Conversation on the Peculiarities of Constitutional Governments.—Fool's Paradise of Fictions.—The *ne plus ultra* of Humbug.—Monstrous Disproportion of the French Representative System.—Sweeping Under-current of Discontent.—"The most Spiritual People."—Daguerreotype of the Chamber of Deputies.—Acknowledged Prevalence of Corruption.—Pretension of the Chamber to pre-eminent "Respectability."—Reproof administered to it by M. Arago.—Ministerial Formularies for the withholding of Official Knowledge.—Belgium, the French Shadow.—Intense Hatred of the Château for the Vicomte de Cormenin.—Injudicious and undignified Manifestation of this Feeling.—Policemen versus Public Writers.—Ludicrous Enumeration of Louis Philippe's Economies to compensate for the Loss of the Nemours Dotation.

"THE Constitutional form of Government," observed Millemains, one day that he and I, accompanied by Foudre de Guerre, strolled up the Champs Elysées, after witnessing rather a stormy personal debate in the Chamber of Deputies, "the Constitutional system in England, and in every country which has adopted it after the example of England, is entirely based upon the most impossible and incomprehensible fictions. The infallible, impeccable, irresponsible, *prestige* of Royalty, which impregnates the system, is a taste of the old Tory leaven, which under astute management, from behind the seven-fold shield of

a cat's-paw Ministry, may be made a much more offensive weapon against the people than the barefaced despotism of the Stuarts and Bourbons. At worst, it is but to change the Royal servants, which by no means implies a change of system. The people are satisfied for the nonce, the storm blows over, and the objectionable measure re-baptized is carried *sub silentio.*"

"And the blockheadism of the people," said Foudre de Guerre, "dispenses with the block for their tyrants. Yes, *mille diables!* fiction of fictions, all is fiction. Responsible ministers, actual presidency in the council, political capacity, patriotic devotion, conscientious opinion, consistency, principle, national representation—the people are held in a Fool's Paradise, amused with the rattles and toys of teething babyhood, and such is the end of all Governments. There is but one reality in constitutional dynasties—but a famous one *par exemple*—the Budget!"

"It is all very well," said Millemains, "that there should be fictions, legal and dynastic. I do not see how we can well get on without them; but even to vaporous absurdity some limits must be assigned. The simplicity of the nation is vast, its gullibility most capacious; but it is not to be expected to swallow things exceeding even that *ne plus ultra* of humbug—the setting up of bladders for lanterns. Now at the Palais Bourbon there are enormities of mystification, which sooner or later must lead to a tremendous

explosion. How think you of 450 individuals, qualified by the payment of a certain amount of taxes, having the pretension to represent the French people? How think you of some 80,000 or 90,000 electors, qualified by the payment of a certain other amount of taxes, having the pretension to call themselves the French people? Thirty millions of souls vote for their representatives in Parliament in the proportion of one vote for 400 individuals! Thirty millions of souls vote for the laws by which they are to be judged, and the distribution of the taxes which come from their own pockets, in the proportion of one vote for 750,000 individuals! Our Deputies batten upon the national spoil, while our citizens are beggared, and our soldiers starved.

"We call ourselves a 'great nation,' a 'spiritual nation,' a 'revolutionized nation,'—we call our Government a 'Constitutional Government,' and our ruler a 'Citizen King,'—and yet the thirty millions of thinking souls and throbbing hearts which make up the sum of living France are content to have selected from their number some 80,000 grocers and tobacconists to form an electoral body!"

"An electoral carcase!" roared out Foudre de Guerre, stamping on the floor, while

——"Curled his very beard with ire,"

"a carcase—call it, not a body—since it is destitute of all vitality—or, if you will, a mummy galvanized periodically by the spell of authority, and lifting itself for a moment from the ground to deposit its fæces in the Chamber!"

"Can you be surprised," proceeded Millemains,—"you, an Englishman, you, a citizen of a country, which eight years since received so broad and sweeping a measure of Reform, yet now is straining to extend its representative landmarks, that an enormous mass of discontent pervades the length and breadth of France, and that at each successive review even of the National Guards—those bulwarks of the Barricade Throne—the cry for 'La Réforme!' swells louder and louder upon the reluctant ear of Royalty. Sir, there never was a rottener system than ours—not

even in the days of the old *régime;* and a torrent is coming which, if not directed into wholesome popular channels, must sweep ere long from the face of France every vestige of what is called a Constitutional Government, and establish on its ruins—"

"A pure and spiritualized Republic!" interrupted Foudre de Guerre.

"An impossible Utopia, or a sanguinary Mountain," said Millemains. "But to descend to less transcendental topics, the 450 individuals who compose the Chamber not only claim to represent the French people, but set themselves down as the cream of legislators, and the flower of orators, as the spiritual *élite*, in short, of the most spiritual people on the face of the globe."

I smiled at the pretension. We had finished our stroll in the Champs Elysées, and were now in front of the Palais Bourbon. The bridge was swarming with shabby-looking persons, attired for the most part in seedy black, pepper-and-salt, and rusty brown. Rusticity and *gaucherie* were imprinted on the countenances and interwoven with the gait and bearing of the major part of them. A stupider, meaner, more vulgar set of men it never was my fate to meet in any country. *And these were the members of the Chamber of Deputies*—"the spiritual *élite* of the most spiritual people!" My friend Leech, that most truthful and refined of English caricaturists, has supplied me with a sketch of these

precious legislators, taken in one of the bureaux of the Chamber, which is the very acmé of fidelity.

"I see you smiling somewhat contemptuously," said Millemains, continuing the conversation, "and I cannot feel surprised at your ridiculing their pretensions. The fact is that, with the exception of the few leading men, there are not greater clods in the world. Ignorant, prejudiced, vulgar, and narrow-minded, thought for v cariously by the journal they read or the leader they listen to, their presumption to personate the mind of France is not a whit less absurd than that which your Sheridan ridiculed so effectually in the three tailors of Tooley

Street, who headed a petition with 'We, the people of England!'"

"Alas!" said Foudre de Guerre, "the advantage of the comparison would be all on the side of the poor tailors, who were probably politically as well as socially honest; while four fifths of these rascals notoriously enter the Chamber as mere place-hunters, and sell themselves and their votes as openly as carrion-meat in our shambles."

"The corruption which pervades the Chamber," said Millemains, "is not denied even by the Deputies themselves. A shrug of the shoulder, a joke, or a smile, is the only comment which it educes. And this is the most flagrant stigma of living France. Yet these *fourbes* have the brazen effrontery to set themselves up for 'the most respectable and respected assembly in the universe.' This will appear to you *trop fort de fiction constitutionnelle*. Yet it was only the other day (30th January, 1841) that the Lower Chamber, having listened with attentive deference to a host of *gargotiers*, grocers, beetroot-sugar-manufacturers, and advocates, talking of strategy, artillery, counterscarps, &c. àpropos of the question of fortifying Paris, manifested the utmost impatience, when M. Arago, a man of incontestable superiority, proceeded to develope an opinion, to which, whatever its intrinsic merit, the name of the orator gave unquestion-

ably a high degree of authority. After repeated unmannerly interruptions, M. Arago said :—

" ' *Messieurs*, you will not listen to me ; and yet, like every other hon. Deputy to whom you have given your attention, I am fulfilling a duty in coming here to develope my opinions. *Messieurs*, I have often spoken before an audience more numerous, *and quite as respectable as this.*'

" At these words, an universal explosion of indignation burst from the benches in every part of the Chamber. The vulgarest and most ignorant were loudest in their vociferations : ' *Quoi !* He has addressed assemblies as respectable as this !—*c'est une indignité, une énormité ! A l'ordre ! à l'ordre !* ' Salvandy, who presided, had the extreme bad taste to support this incredible pretension to a superiority over every other assembly in the world.

" ' A member of this Chamber (said he) cannot possibly have thought of comparing to any other audience the audience which here listens to him. The Charter has invested it with the right of speaking in the name of France ! !'* The au-

* Here is the passage textually from the official report of the debate :—

" Un membre de cette Chambre *n'a pu* avoir la pensée de *comparer à aucun auditoire* l'auditoire qui l'écoute : la charte l'a investi du droit de parler au nom de la France. L'expression de l'honorable membre a donc été au-delà de ce qu'il a voulu dire ; elle a dépassé sa pensée."

dience *which listens* in the Lower Chamber (to use the elegant and accurate language of M. Salvandy, Vice Président and Member of the French Academy) is therefore an audience incomparable in point of dignity and every other claim to respect. Now, not to cross the Channel, and enter either your House of Lords or of Commons, I will suppose that you have had the honour of speaking in a *réunion* where such men as Châteaubriand, Béranger, Victor Hugo, Delavigne, and Lamennais were assembled (none of them members of the Chamber of Deputies). Yet you will not be permitted, according to Salvandy, to say that you have appeared before an audience as respectable as that which is composed of MM. Fulcheron, Grenouillet, Vatout, Falempin, Vigier and Company!"

"*Mille polissons*," exclaimed Foudre de Guerre, "they are not content with pocketing portfolios, places, sinecures, pensions, and other parliamentary pickings, but they would also enjoy a monopoly of public respect. *Oui, qu'ils prennent garde de le perdre!*"

Much mirth was made in Paris, during the early part of our Parliamentary Session for 1840, of the fact that neither Lord John Russell nor Lord Palmerston could inform the House of Commons whether England was at war with China or not. Our Ministers stated the reason of their curious uncertainty in this respect to be the delay of the Indian mail. The wags of Paris

averred that Lord Palmerston and his colleagues had resolved to settle the quarrel after their own fashion with the Chinese *magots*, on the ground of its being a personal affair. An identity was established in the conduct of the Ministers of England and France—both Constitutional Governments, and therefore Governments of publicity *par excellence*. The Ministers of the English and French systems respectively withheld, as by a natural impulse, all knowledge of their official acts from the public. With this object, they had invented a host of formularies, which might be reduced to the following

General Rules. 1. Pending negotiations, which rendered any communication of intelligence extremely inconvenient (to the rogues of Ministers themselves).

2. Non-arrival of Couriers.

3. Delay of the Mails.

Additional Secret Article. Official mails never fail of failing to arrive in time—whenever a troublesome question is to be evaded!

It has long been familiarly said in Paris that Belgium is to France what the shadow is to the individual. The fugleman at a drill parade is not copied more bunglingly by the raw recruits, than every thing in the Literature, the Politics, and the social system of France is instantaneously filched or travestied at Brussels and the parts adjacent. A very bitter feeling has arisen on this subject; for it has defrauded authors,

artists, and publishers in France of fully one half their legitimate gains. An international law of copyright has long been spoken of, but seems postponed to the Greek Kalends.

I have elsewhere alluded to the bitter intensity of hatred which M. de Cormenin's (*Timon's*) anti-Philippist pamphlets engendered at the Citizen Court. Intense hatred seldom exists in the coolest heads without sometimes betraying itself into the commission of foolish acts; and Louis Philippe is not an exception from the general rule. The negative put on the Nemours Dotation Bill—which was solely attributable to Cormenin's tremendous pen—could not fail to be sorely felt. It was not alone the necessity of paying £20,000 per annum, as reluctantly as a conscript repairs to the muster

—it was the blow aimed at the dynasty in public opinion. Like a new Calypso, the Citizen Château could not console itself for the departure of the handsome *apanage;* and "*ce hideux Cormenin,*" who had struck it so rudely over the knuckles, made it drop "*les écus populaires;*" and overhaul its own money-bags, became the object of its direst vengeance.

In March 1840, shortly after the rejection of the *apanage,* some police agents were sent to remove the placards of Cormenin's pamphlets from the front of the publisher Pagnerre's establishment. Now this was a very close approximation to a violation of the Charter of 1830; it was imprudent in a high degree; and besides being the inevitable cause of much scandal, to remove these placards was to occasion their being placarded still more tremendously in the opposition press. The *National* contained the following paragraph:—

"This day a man presented himself at the Library, Rue Bourbon-Villeneuve, 61. In the front of the shop were posted up, as is customary, placards displaying in large characters the titles of the works on sale: 'How can I unfasten these placards?' inquired the visiter. Before the bookseller could answer the question, the intruder took possession of one of the placards inscribed '*Question scandaleuses d'un Jacobin,*' and bore it off under his arm, declaring that he was an agent of police, and that he had received orders

to seize these placards every where that he saw them displayed. The bookseller's reclamations drew to the spot a number of persons who were passing at the time, and who uniting together stopped the agent, and were about to tear the placard from him, when the bookseller intervened, permitted the agent to proceed upon his journey, and went before the Commissary of Police for the quarter. This functionary admitted that the seizure was not perhaps strictly legal, but declined to cause the placard to be restored. Such is the mode in which matters are now-a-days managed under the first article of the Charter which proclaims that all Frenchmen are equal in the eyes of the law."

Foudre de Guerre's commentary upon this transaction was an echo of the public feeling: "*Saprelotte*, it was only an ingenious mode of making Cormenin contribute something, *malgré lui*, to the Citizen Court. The placard removed from the front of Pagnerre's shop will serve to envelope Montalivet, the Intendant of the Château's Gruyère; and *qui sait* but some of them may be employed, by turning them inside out, to *afficher* the shops which are to let in the Palais Royal. It will be so much plundered from the enemy!"

A Deputy of the Left caused much amusement by exhibiting in the Opposition Salons a list of the economies which had been instituted at the Citizen Château with a view to making up for

the loss of the Nemours *dotation.* They were as follows :—

1. In one of the galleries of the Versailles Museum, a number of frames had been disposed in the panel form, and an order was about to be issued for filling up these panels with pictures representing the most distinguished events of Louis Philippe's reign. Directions were sent to interrupt the execution of this work, and the walls remained covered with frames fitted with green serge instead of pictures. In an artistical point of view, the gallery was a gainer by the alteration. [This hit was well directed against the execrable daubs with which Versailles is filled.]

2. The porteress at the Tuileries was constructing a pair of small-clothes for the young Duc de Montpensier. She was forced to leave off her work, on the allegation that the Civil List was *sans fonds.* The small-clothes and the Civil List were in the same condition. [*Sans fonds* means either "bottomless," or "without funds."]

3. At Fontainebleau a *Salle d'honneur* was about to be tapestried with fifteen-sou paper. The paste was already laid on, and the paper was about to be added, when a counter-order arrived, occasioned by the refusal of the Chamber, which was so incredulous as to the insufficiency of Louis Philippe's private Domain. The paste refused to fasten!

4. A vase of that serviceable description, of

which the enamel is never tarnished by the strongest light, was already in the hands of the delft-ware-mender. The peremptory order forced this *industriel* to leave a breach gaping in its bottom. The Civil List would find herein an utensil in perfect harmony with the state of its heart, so cruelly broken by the vote of the Chamber.

5. A pair of stockings sent to be botched up by the *ravandeuse* was left aside before being caulked. The Civil List, pretending to have a scarcity of pieces, would not suffer a piece to be put in the heel.

6. A cotton nightcap, knitted under the inspection of the ladies of the Court, was left off suddenly, when all that was wanted to complete it was the tassel. The *apanage* vote would permit of no such superfluity.

It was further alleged that at Compiègne a very ludicrous incident had occurred. The Civil List, which was in the act of constructing a small bridge at that Château, sent the most peremptory order to "suspend" the work. The architect, misinterpreting the command, constructed a "suspension"-bridge! These measures were all declared to have been taken *ab irato;* and consequently, as they were likely to involve a loss rather than a gain, the more prudent speculations leaned in favour of the hypothesis that the suspended labours would be resumed—at least in respect of the stockings and small-clothes!

CHAPTER XIV.

Hagedorn's Ladder of Blood.—Modern French Manners.—The Communists.—Awkward Compliment to the King of the French.—Louis Philippe compelled by a Clause in Mr. Standish's Will to make himself ridiculous!—Continued Prevalence of the *Marseillaise* Frenzy.—Vitality of the War Party.—Undying Hatred of England.—"The French Soldier's Catechism."—Monstrous Misrepresentations.

THE fighting propensity in which Young France prides herself is after all a most ignoble attribute. It is not alone that it is barbarous—a reproduction of the spirit of Ostrogothic irruption, but it is levelling man with the beasts of prey. Hear what Hagedorn says in his "Stufenleiter" (Stepladder) of blood:—

Ein marder frass den auer HAHN;
Den marder würgt ein fuchs; den fuchs des wolfes zahn.
Mein leser, diese drei bewähren,
Wie oft die grossen sich vom blut der Kleinern nähren.

The marten eats the little COCKS [Gallos];
The fox the marten gnaws; the wolf's fang gnaws the fox.
These three, good reader, prove full plain
How oft big beasts the blood of lesser beastlings drain!

PEPPER.

Nothing can be more absurd than the *prestige* which still exists amongst a few antiquated, and a vast number of bull-headed folks, that the

French, forsooth, are a polished people. The notion is utterly erroneous. On the contrary, the coarsest and worst-bred race on the face of the globe is to be found amongst the existing inhabitants of France. The North American savages are courteous and chivalrous in their bearing, by comparison. The Ashantee and the Hottentot are not substantially worse. Refinement, delicacy, ordinary consideration for the feelings of friend or foe, there is none amongst them. An English lady was as likely, during the recent frenzy, to be insulted by them as a solitary English red-coat. In every place of public resort you meet the manners of the guard-room, the reek of garlic and tobacco-smoke, the hawking and spitting of the cabaret, and the loud and ear-splitting language of a mill. It is all *laissez aller*, *nonchalance*, and intense effrontery. Good manners may still be found amongst the highly educated circles, but no where else. *French polish*, forsooth! It is only to be seen on their boots!

The Communists afford an admirable illustration of the leading vices in the national character. It is not alone the shocking immorality and the disgusting profanity; but still more the vanity with which this ignorant scum of society sets itself up as the propounder of new systems, and the hopeless absurdity of its aims. The sumphs, if they were offended with half a

dozen stars in the firmament, would strike them out of the system, and colonize the waste lands in the moon for the developement of their tran-

scendental socialist system. Only think of these fellows assembling in solemn conclave, enacting

that there shall be no home, no country, no family, no kindred, and formally decreeing that there is no God! Where is the thunder?

The weak and unworthy feelings of splenetic disappointment, under the influence of which the late Mr. F. Standish, of Duxbury Hall, Lancashire, sent his fine collection of paintings, engravings, books and manuscripts out of his native country, and left them by will to the King of the French, is properly appreciated in both countries. Let me here record a ridiculous consequence of the legacy in question. Mr. Standish was at every period of his life a most eager collector of engravings and lithographed designs. During his residence in Paris, in 1835, he purchased at Aubert's (the Ackermann of the French metropolis) a complete set of the *Charivari* and the *Caricature*, besides a collection of all the political lithographs published at that establishment, including the celebrated "Pears," in which the shape of Louis Philippe's face and head was so ludicrously caricatured, and every possible insult was heaped on the sovereign. By virtue of the clause in Mr. Standish's will, these were all forwarded to the King of the French! When men act from the impulse of passion, they invariably violate the dictates of good taste or good sense, or both. Only think of despatching to Louis Philippe, by way of a magnanimous gift, an immense pile of personal insults! The most absurd part remains

to be told. A clause in the will provides that "the collection shall be placed in whatever public establishment shall seem fit to His Majesty." Thus Louis Philippe is constrained either to renounce the legacy, or make public and transmit to posterity a heap of insults to his Royal person!! What a commentary on the blindness of paltry, petty-minded passion!

The *Marseillaise* frenzy has not even yet subsided. 25,000 copies of an illustrated edition of this murderous hymn were sold by the publisher Laisné in the first three months of 1841. A new edition "*avec d'importantes améliorations*", was put forth in April, comprising the music with a pianoforte accompaniment, 17 vignettes, a portrait of the author Rouget de l'Isle, after David, and a long and grandiose biographical notice, in which the incendiarist who penned it is placed on a level with the Tells and the Washingtons!

If any man is still weak enough to be haunted by a lingering idea that the war frenzy in France is a mere bodiless spirit conjured up from the vasty deep of airy nothingness by the journals, I should think that the question of the Fortifications should set his delusions at rest for ever. Here we have the entire Chambers concurring in a project of ruinous expensiveness, and of manifest tendency to be converted into an engine against popular liberty—Doctrinaires, Legitimists, Gauches, Republicans, all voluntarily saddling themselves with this enormous outlay—this

most convenient armoury of despotism—and pray to what possible end but to be made subservient to certain ulterior military designs—defensive, if you will, upon the one hand, but, on the other, covering projects of aggression, and serving as an ultimate bulwark against the avenging powers of Europe? Indeed, it seems most absurd to resort to arguments derived from correlative topics, when the same conclusion is so obviously arrived at from direct and positive *data*. It is utterly impossible that the great bulk of the journals of a country in which public opinion is so strongly developed as in France should contain an unfair representation of public feeling. A War Press without a War Party were as great an anomaly as the motion of a human body without a soul to animate it. If these writers make it their *métier*

"Infandis terras accendere bellis,"

it is clearly *pour cause*. In the Chambers the opinions of that party manifestly predominate, else why this universal concurrence in favour of the fortification project? In private life the same opinions are paramount, else why the perpetual *furore* in the *salons?* In the highest literary and scientific circles, these opinions predominate, else why was Thiers received with so much favour at the Institute? and why at the reception of Count Molé into the Academy—a purely philomathic society—was that eminent

body converted for the first time into a conclave of most decided political partisans?

A War Party in France! Who is insane enough to doubt its existence? Who can hesitate to believe in its universality? Shall I point to the pleasurable feelings with which Frenchmen submit to the enormous incubus of a Standing Army always immensely preponderating over a Peace Establishment—to armed soldiers swarming in every café and estaminet, guarding the approach to every theatre and place of amusement, haunting the front of every public institution and every ministerial hotel, with drums rattling in every street—to the conscription

which drains off annually all the best blood of the country, while

—"squallent abductis arva colonis"—

to the camps pitched in the open air every summer, and subjecting the unfortunate soldier to the most pressing privations? To the enormous mass of National Guards, in which the quietest burgher is of necessity enrolled—to the insane fervour with which the *Marseillaise* was lately raised and re-echoed through the length and breadth of France—to the cherished Imperial recollections, and the fresh madness which was awakened by the obsequies of Napoleon? A War Party in France! What froward child is it that earns the birch by denying it?

Poor fools! their dream is still of Revolution and aggrandisement of territory. Must they be pronounced incorrigible, and incapable of being instructed by the most tremendous calamities?

Goethe has a very noble quatrain of hexameters and pentameters, on the effects of the first revolution, which it is well to recall at the present hour, when so many indications present themselves of an approaching repetition of the same scenes:—

Frankreich's traurig geschick, die grossen mögen's bedenken;
Aber bedenken furwahr sollen es kleine noch mehr.
Grosse gingen zu grunde: doch wer beschützte die menge
Gegen die menge? Da war menge der menge tyrann!

Thy sad fate, France, the great may well bethink,
Yet little ones shall still bethink it more.
Though great ones to the ground were made to sink,
Who saved the Many then from ruin's brink?
The Many-Tyrant then the Many lorded o'er!

PEPPER.

A very favourite topic with our leading statesmen and journalists upon the occasion of the Speech delivered by Her Majesty at the commencement of the last Session of Parliament was disappointment "at the absence of a few words expressive of *graceful regret* at the existence of any misunderstanding with our powerful neighbours of France." The absence of any cessation of diplomatic relations fully justified Lord Palmerston; but without insisting too much upon a point of mere etiquette, it was surely not to be expected that Queen Victoria's Government would enter the lists against anonymous newspaper writers in France. True, these writers accurately represent the public feeling. But this is another reason why Lord Palmerston would be utterly unfitted for the position he then held, if he condescended to truckle to such a people. They are convicted liars and slanderers all, (for in the iniquities of their favourite journals they clearly participate,) and would have fought us too, with or without ground (to *their* principles a matter of indifference), if it were only to give vent to the "lodged hate and loathing" which they bear us, but that upon a minute calculation of

their resources, naval and military, they found that they had not sufficient *matériel* of resistance. They bide their time—the fortifications of Paris are but the preliminary of aggression—of swelling their possessions in Africa, seizing probably on the Balearic Isles, and aiming indubitably at restoring the frontier of the Rhine. Yes—*they abhor us—and they bide their time.* No one knew this better than Lord Palmerston,—and he was not the man to stain Victoria's lip with fulsome words of adulation—to stain her honour with a false representation of the international relations —or to court, by conceding one inch beyond what strict justice demands, those who hate us already, and would then despise us.

Let us see what justice the French deal out to us in our military capacity. In a work, of which there is a copy in the hands of every French soldier, who knows how to read, there are some tolerably significant specimens of the just and generous spirit in which "*la grande nation*" appreciates the heroic deeds of England. It is entitled: "*Catéchisme du Soldat Français, ou Dialogue Historique sur les Campagnes Modernes de l'Armée Francaise; ouvrage dédié à la Vieille Armée, par Constant Taillard. A Paris, Bataille et Bosquet Libraires.*"

This book, which is the military *vade mecum* of the French population, and regarded by nineteen twentieths of them in the light of

Gospel, contains the following account of Waterloo:—

"Having crushed the Prussians, what did the Emperor do next?

"He rushed upon the English. He found them close to Mont Saint-Jean, and although totally separated from his right wing, which he had entrusted to Marshal Grouchy, he did not hesitate to attack, in the proportion of one against two, 120,000 English! Crushed at every point, broken in every sense, and flying in disorder, the English called on the earth to open its abysses to hide them. When they did advance, it was with trembling, but the first soldiers of the earth (the French) surpassed themselves, during two days, in the proportion of one against four!!!"*

Here is the mode in which the Catechism treats our gallant conduct in the Peninsular War:

"What did Soult do upon arriving at the Spanish frontier?

* "Ayant écrasé les Prussiens, de quoi s'occupa l'Empereur?

"De fondre sur les Anglais. Il les trouva près du Mont Saint Jean, et quoique totalement séparé de son aile droite, qu'il avait confiée au Maréchal Grouchy, il ne balanca point à attaquer dans la proportion d'un contre deux les 120,000 Anglais!! Enfoncés sur tous les points, rompus dans tous les sens, et fuyant en desordre, les Anglais demandaient à la terre des abimes pour s'y cacher!!! Ils n'avancèrent *qu'en tremblant*; mais les premiers soldats de la terre se surpassèrent pendant deux jours dans la proportion d'un contre quatre" (!!)

"He re-organized the army, and delivered Pampeluna, which was already invested by the Allies.

"What did the Allies do, upon being chased from Pampeluna?

"They revenged themselves upon St. Sebastian.

"Did the conquerors confine themselves to the legitimate rights of war?

"Not daring to glut their rage upon the garrison, they turned it entirely against the inhabitants. The circumstance is well worthy of remark. Placed in the midst of their soldiers, who had turned assassins, the *generous* English pointed out with horrible coolness the wives, old men, and children, whose throats were to be cut by preference. We must, however, pardon them this excess of barbarity. Beaten up to that moment, they had not yet learned that conduct which it is so fine a thing to exhibit when men are victorious.

"How did the new campaign open?

"By a check which cost us 5,000 men near Orthez, and which furnished a presentiment of the great drama's *dénouement*.

"What was the English policy upon this occasion?

"To corrupt the magistrates, in order to obtain possession of our towns without the effusion of blood. M. Lynch, the Mayor of Bordeaux, appeared to Wellington to merit a 'transaction,'

and Bordeaux was on the instant in the power of the stranger." *

And so on throughout every campaign of the century. Is it to be wondered that this enormous lying should foster and envenom for ever and ever the undying hatred of England which rankles in the breasts of the French populace? And the officers, who permit these falsehoods to circulate amongst their soldiers call themselves *gentlemen!!*

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* "Que fit Soult en arrivant aux frontières d'Espagne?

"Il réorganisa l'armée et délivra Pampelune, que les alliés avaient déja investé.

"Chassés de Pampelune, que firent les alliés?

"Ils s'en vengerent sur St. Sebastien.

"Le vainqueur usa-t-il du droit de la guerre?

"N'osant assouvir sa rage sur la garnison, il la tourna tout entière contre les habitans. C'etait une chose digne de remarque: placés au milieu de leurs soldats, devenus assassins, les generaux Anglais désignaient avec une horrible tranquillité les femmes, les vieillards, les enfants qu'il fallait egorger de préference. Il faut leur pardonner cet excès de barbarie: battus jusqu'alors ils ne savaient point encore la conduite qu'il est si beau de tenir quand on est victorieux.

"Comment s'ouvrit la nouvelle campagne?

"Par un échec qui nous couta 5,000 hommes pres d'Orthez, et qui fit pressentir le dénouement du grand drame.

"Quelle etait dans cette occasion la politique Anglaise?

"De corrompre les magistrats pour s'emparer de nos villes sans effusion de sang. M. Lynch, maire de Bordeaux, parut à Wellington meriter une demarche, et Bordeaux fut à l'instant au pouvoir de l'étranger."

CHAPTER XV.

French Comments upon our recent Dispute with the United States.—Albion hides herself under the protecting Petticoat of France!!—Young France in a novel Attitude.—A Truncated Veteran of Austerlitz.—A Clerical Error.—Napoleon literally Deified.—The Ruins of the Old Guard.—French Ridicule of the violent and abusive Language indulged in by English Political Writers.—A more than Counterpoise in the reckless Fabrications of the Parisian Press.

Our quarrel with the United States of America was a fresh occasion for the display of French bile against "perfidious England." Here is a specimen of the language which was current in the Salons, and echoed in all the Opposition and Republican journals; "Whatever John Bull may say, he has not the smallest desire to pass from words to actions. He is a *Matamore* (bully) and a *fanfaron* (Gasconader) in the extremest sense of those words. He has no heart in his body, but when he goes to the field with twenty against one. Unfortunately for him he can discover no means of stimulating those stupid square-headed Kaiserlicks (Austrian soldiers) against America; Bandeira will be very careful of going to get his bones broken by Brother Jonathan—knowing full well that Jonathan is a rude fellow, and shuts his fist when he gives a blow. *Bull has*

accordingly solicited the intervention of France, or at the least her mediation in his Transatlantic embroglio. Doubtless MM. Soult and Guizot will not hesitate to lend him a helping hand, though the opportunity is so fair a one *for taking our revenge.* It was not for the honour or the interests of France that M. Thiers's successors were called to power; and it must be admitted that, in this point of view, they earn their salaries conscientiously. They are doubtless at this moment engaged in reconciling the United States with England; and, if they should not succeed in this attempt, they will as undoubtedly take the part of *ces Anglais* against the Americans, *who are our natural allies!*" To add another word would be to paint the (French) lily. The moment chosen for "taking their (honourable) revenge" struck me as singularly *feline* and therefore singularly characteristic; nor less so was the truth of the allegation that we had betaken ourselves to the protecting petticoat of France to shield us from the ire of our Yankee cousins, whose envies and jealousies have blinded them as effectually as if they had a cataract on their eyes larger than that of Niagara! My readers must by this time be as sickened as myself with the soldiering puerilities of Young France:—

Læve caput, madidique infantia nasi!

The froward child has lost himself in the veteran Imperial Guard's cocked hat, while

Tela manu jam tum tenerâ puerilia torsit!

On the day of the celebration of the Napoleon obsequies, an old soldier of Austerlitz, who had deposited his left leg on the field of honour, and was provided with a very poor wooden substitute, was passing down the Rue St. Honoré to assist at the funeral ceremony, when, within a short distance of the Palais Royal, he slipped, fell, and broke his wooden leg. The fine old fellow got up again immediately, but, finding himself not in a condition to proceed, he wept in his despair. "*Mon général!*" he exclaimed, "my comrades will be able to assist at the honours which they are going to pay to your ashes; while I, who have come a distance of ten leagues *exprès*, cannot have that honour for want of a leg to support me."—"You are mistaken," exclaimed two young men who were passing at the time;

" if you have lost one of your legs for the glory of France, our arms are at your service." Accordingly they joined their arms, placed the old man sitting upon them, and carried him forward in this form, amidst the bravos of all the spectators.

Having thus recorded one of the most interesting episodes of the Napoleon pageant, I shall append to it one of the most amusing as well as audacious:—While the funeral service was being performed at the Invalides over the Emperor's remains, the Archbishop of Paris observed three abbés amongst the clergy, who appeared to be not over well versed in the minutiæ of ecclesiastical conduct. The Archbishop, after watching their movements for some time, communicated to one of his attendants his suspicion that they were only abbés in disguise. The natural inference was that they had come for the purpose of picking pockets, as our notorious Barrington once went to a Levée at St. James's disguised in the lawn sleeves and full robes of an Irish bishop—laughing in the said sleeves at the deluded dignitaries around him, and moreover depositing therein all their stray money and other valuables. The Archbishop's suspicions having been communicated to a commissary of police, that functionary requested the three reverend gentlemen to accompany him outside the church, which they did without hesitation, and, on driving with them in a fiacre to the residences which they stated, found them to be three laymen of perfect

respectability, who had been unable to procure tickets for a good place in the interior of the Invalides, and accordingly, disguising themselves as clergymen, had readily obtained admission. They were very near involving themselves in a most serious scrape; but through their influential connexions the "ingenious device" was pardoned as a mere *clerical error*.

The frantic enthusiasm which pervaded Paris at this epoch required for its completion that Napoleon should be literally, as well as metaphorically, deified. And such was the fact. Eighteen of the surviving officers of the old Imperial Guard gave a dinner on the Friday following the obsequies to Horace Vernet and Gudin, whose pencils have so ably represented the high feats of arms which distinguished the Emperor's career. At this *réunion* were gathered together remnants of the foot and horse grenadiers, dragoons, and chasseurs of this celebrated corps. The first toast was "to the Emperor's memory," *and was drunk in a devotional attitude!*

In the course of conversation with Millemains, I was no little struck by a remark of his with reference to the abusive language in which certain English journals are prone to indulge, whenever they happen to notice each other's labours. "Take up (said he) a Whig or a Tory journal, and if you are disposed to concur in the writer's views, you must believe that there are no such

monsters in existence as the whole *posse* of their political adversaries. They are a phalanx of reprobates, scoundrels, swindlers. Principle is a mockery, as illustrated by their conduct. Is an election won by them, it has been done through barefaced bribery and corruption. Is a motion brought forward, it is through interested and scandalous motives. Their magnanimity is bombast, their patriotism pocket-sympathy. The holders of office care not a whit for any thing but their own personal advantage. England (if you would believe them) is on the daily verge of a revolution, and her rulers urge her down the steep. One journal threatens the Ministers with impeachment; another describes the leader of the Opposition as a hollow hypocrite and a disguised traitor."

Recognizing the likeness, although a little exaggerated, I held my tongue. Your journalists (proceeded my friend in a more jocose vein) seem to be not half satisfied with venting their bile upon the political notabilities of the party to whom they are opposed, but distribute amongst themselves the surplusage of their *apostrophes de Halle* (Billingsgate). They are not content with abusing France one day and Russia another, but run over their fish-fag catechism every week at home, by way of keeping their tongues in practice. Albion, brawny virgin as she is, speaks to herself with her arms a-kimbo, or her bony

fists planted on her hips. The *amenities* of one of your politest journalists (whether Whig or Tory, I now forget), in describing the orators of the adverse party during the round of political dinners which invariably take place during the Parliamentary recess, condensed the following sweet-scented epithets into a single paragraph: "Their spouters now are mute as *mice*, though they bellowed like *bulls* during the last recess. Where are you now, you long-eared after-dinner declaimers, who were so fond of displaying your *asinine* eloquence in the midst of your Arcadian brethren, whose *hee-hawing* echoed your *bray?* What! Not a *booby* remaining to lift his voice, not a *miscreant* left to fling his fire-brands!" Millemains had in fact hit on a very favourable passage, wherein the language was moderation itself, compared with many that have amused the world.

Acknowledging that I had frequently seen the counterpart of this somewhat absurd specimen, and that the French press had the advantage of its English contemporaries (that is the word) in its observance of the decencies of discussion, and of a much more uniformly well-bred *tone*, I took my friend somewhat aback by the remark that we have not made the same advance on our side of the channel, in *lying*, in trumping up fictitious correspondence, and in shaping events to the wishes of the writer, for which the Parisian press

has secured an unenviable notoriety throughout Europe, and earned for itself a character, to which I should prefer the unambitious and cleanlier one of a sweeper of crossings.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The Return of the Emperor."—Specimens of the Sublime and Ridiculous, by Victor Hugo.—Set a Frenchman on the High Horse of Patriotism, and he will ride to the Devil.—Artistical Trash commemorative of the Napoleon Obsequies.—Nude Spirits garnished with Hussar Caps.—Visionary Marshals displaying Medals on their Naked Chests.—Caricature of the Saviour; "The Resurrection of Napoleon."—He is compared with Almighty God!!

Upon the occasion of the Napoleon Obsequies Victor Hugo put forth four short poems of very unequal merit. In one he attained the sublime, in another the ridiculous, realizing the celebrated *mot* of his subject: *Ce n'est qu'un pas*, &c. Let my readers judge for themselves. They will perceive by the French text, which is appended in foot-notes, that my translations are very close. The ridiculous points of the first piece are but slightly exaggerated, and demonstrate very fully that the ablest Frenchman, when he dilates upon the reflective glories of the Invalide Veterans and mounts the high-horse of

"L'amour sacre de la patrie,"

invariably rides to the devil. The second composition, being more exclusively in praise of the Emperor, and not meddling much with Gallic glories as such, is well worthy of the author of *Quasimodo*, and *Les voix intérieures*.

No. I.

Oh France! Of nations finest, first!
'Twere hard indeed thy head to bow.
From thee all grand ideas burst;
Mother of Revolutions thou!
The things, in fact, which thou dost model,
The universe after them must waddle;
Thy notions set a-work every noddle;
With pride all men to obey thee fly;

No. I.

Oh! t'abaisser n'est pas facile,
France, sommet des nations!
Toi que l'Idée a pour asile!
Mère des révolutions!
Aux choses dont tu fais le moule
Tout l'univers travaille en foule;
Ta chaleur dans ses veines coulé;
Il t'obéit avec orgueil;

They're ranged where'er thy flag's unfurled;
Thou GRAVELY thinkest, with pate well curled;
France is in short the head of the world,
A Cyclops—Paris being the eye!!!

Destroy thee? Vain, insensate boast!
A criminal—an impious thought!
It were in fact to take the brains
Out of humanity high-wrought!
It were to blind the human race;
For, in the path which thou dost trace,
The circle which thy arms embrace,
All people must unite their fate!
The spirit of th' age with thee must change,
All that is born 'neath thee must range,
Who then shall harbour a dream so strange—
The future to decapitate?!!

Il marche, il forge, il tente, il fonde,
Toi, tu penses grave et féconde....
La France est la tête du monde,
Cyclope dont Paris est l'œil!

Te détruire?—audace insensée!
Crime! folie! impiété!
Ce serait ôter la pensée,
A la future humanité!
Ce serait aveugler les races!
Car, dans le chemin que tu traces,
Dans le cercle où tu les embrasses,
Tous les peuples doivent s'unir!
L'esprit des temps à ta voix change!
Tout ce qui naît sous toi se range!
Qui donc ferait ce rêve étrange
De décapiter l'avenir?

How? Gag thee? Kings! High Heav'n itself
May soon demonstrate with the sword
This age is a problem somewhat deep,
Of which France alone has the solving word.
Yes; on a bank the age doth stand,
In plaintive voice, or fiercely grand,
Questioning all who there may land—
Tribunes austere or monarchs splendid;
It questions all from morning's hour,
And, like the Sphynx, it doth devour
With more than forty-gourmand power
All those who do not comprehend it!

Insult thee? If indeed there be
Kings who would dare to run this danger,
Let them but see what Heav'n itself
Points out to the insulting stranger.

Te bâillonner?—Rois! Dieu lui-même
Pourra vous le prouver bientôt,
Ce siècle est un profond problème
Dont la France seule a le mot.
Ce siècle est debout sur la rive,
D'une voix terrible ou plaintive,
Questionnant quiconque arrive,
Tribuns, penseurs,—ou rois, hélas!
Il propose à tous, dès l'aurore,
Et, comme le sphinx, il dévore
Celui qui ne le comprend pas.

T'insulter?—mais s'il se rencontre
Des rois pour courir ce danger,
Vois donc les choses que Dieu montre
A ceux qui voudraient t'outrager!

See on the arch our History's lore,
Ulm, Dantzic, Wagram black with gore,
Eylau—a hundred victories more—
  Upstarting all at beat of drum!
Heav'n, when all Europe thought thee dead,
Took up the Emperor from his bed;
And back to France that honoured head
  And all the Gallic glories come!

Insult, insult thee! *Thee*, my mother!
  Heav'ns! where's the Frenchman does not hoard
Amongst his books, *upon the shelf*
Where ev'n reposes Homer's self,
  Some honoured old paternal sword?
Dead are our sires who made earth quake;
But oh, loved France, *when they awake!*
Perchance an army they might make,

Vois sous l'arche où sont nos histoires,
Wagram les mains de poudre noires,
Ulm, Eylau, Dantzic, cent victoires,
Défiler au bruit du tambour!
Dieu, quand l'Europe te croit morte,
Prend l'empereur et te l'apporte,
Et fait repasser sous ta porte
Toute ta gloire en un seul jour!

T'insulter! t'insulter! ma mère!
Mais n'avons-nous pas tous, ô ciel,
Parmi nos livres, près d'Homère,
Quelque vieux sabre paternel?
Nos pères sont morts, France aimée!
Mais de leur foule ranimée
Peut-être on ferait une armée

As a Pantheon crowns their pyre,
Prepared to start at the first fired ball,
Prepared to rise if thou shouldst fall;
For in their tombs perchance they're all
Ev'n like Napoleon's self entire.

Hero of these funereal rites!
King, Genius, Emperor, and Martyr!
The time is ripe. Within our walls
Return, and ne'er to leave them *arter!*
In all thy glory bless the land,
Thou who didst mix with mighty hand
I' th' brazier of thy projects grand,
Like metals to thy will to pander
All people—thou who with thine arm,
Forgetful of the thunder-storm,
Sought to the world to give thy form
Ev'n as to Athos Alexander!

Comme on en fait un Panthéon!
Prêts à surgir au bruit des bombes,
Prêts à se lever si tu tombes,
Peut-être sont-ils dans leur tombe
Entiers comme Napoléon!

Toi, héros de ces funérailles,
Roi! génie! empereur! martyr!
Les temps sont clos! dans nos murailles
Rentre pour ne plus en sortir!
Rentre aussi dans ta gloire entière!
Toi qui mêlais d'une main fière,
Dans l'airain de ton œuvre altière
Tous les peuples, tous les métaux!
Toi qui, dans ta force profonde,
Oubliant que la foudre gronde,
Voulais donner ta forme au monde
Comme Alexandre au mont Athos!

Thou soughtest, pouring out our sap
'Mongst people ripening far too slow,
To conquer with the sword what nought
But mind's slow progress could lay low.
Of Heav'n itself thus in advance,
Thou soughtest (oh vast hope!) perchance
Rome's glory to replace by France
From Tagus ev'n to Neva reigning;
Such projects are avenged by Jove—
Dread *duel* with the powers above!
'Twas but with an angel Jacob strove,
While thou wast 'gainst Jehovah straining!

No human hand, in *thy* bold march,
Hath checked thy calmly strong advance;
At Moscow 'twas devouring fire;
At Waterloo 'twas merest chance!

Tu voulais, versant notre sève,
Aux peuples trop lents à mûrir,
Faire conquérir par le glaive
Ce que l'esprit doit conquérir.
Sur Dieu même prenant l'avance,
Tu prétendais, vaste espérance!
Remplacer Rome par la France
Régnant du Tage à la Néva;
Mais de tels projets Dieu se venge.
Duel effrayant! guerre étrange!
Jacob ne luttait qu'avec l'ange,
Tu luttais avec Jéhova!

Nul homme en ta marche hardie
N'a vaincu ton bras calme et fort;
A Moscou, ce fut l'incendie;
A Waterloo, ce fut le sort.

What boots it that in ribald mirth
England hath to a lie giv'n birth
In that famed corner of the earth
  Where GOD struck down Napoleon,
And while not ev'n herself can dare
Believe it, mocks at History there,
A victory *where she had no share*
  Attesting by a beast in stone?!!

Well may he quake 'mid rising storms,
  Upon his pedestal so high—
That lion tottering where he stands
  O'er the dread field of destiny!
We yet shall pass o'er that same plain;
There let him breathe his hate in vain,
And o'er the mound of heroes slain

Que t'importe que l'Angleterre
Fasse parler un bloc de pierre
Dans ce coin fameux de la terre
Où Dieu brisa Napoléon,
Et, sans qu'elle même ose y croire,
Fasse attester devant l'histoire
Le mensonge d'une victoire
Par le fantôme d'un lion!

Oh qu'il tremble, au vent qui s'élève,
Sur son piédestal incertain,
Ce lion chancelant qui rêve,
Debout dans le champ du destin!
Nous repasserons dans sa plaine!
Laisse-le donc conter sa haine
Et répandre son ombre vaine

His shadow cast—it flickering flits!
Napoleon! I await the hour
Thy eagle yet shall make him cower,
And dash him down with wing of power,
Upon her flight to Austerlitz!

This is pretty well for Gallic insanity, what follows is in a better spirit:—

No. II.

Sire, to thy Empire's seat thou wilt return,
No tocsin sounding war through all the globe;
But proudly borne through thy triumphal arch
In thy Imperial robe!

Sur tes braves ensevelis!
Quelque jour,—et je l'attends d'elle!
Ton aigle, à nos drapeaux fidèle,
Le soufflettera d'un coup d'aile
En s'en allant vers Austerlitz!

No. II.

LE RETOUR DE L'EMPEREUR.

. . . . . .

Sire, vous reviendrez dans votre capitale,
Sans tocsin, sans combat, sans lutte et sans fureur,
Traîné par huit chevaux sous l'arche triomphale,
En habit d'empereur!

Through that same door, where Heaven thy foot-
steps guides,
Thou wilt return upon a car sublime,
Crown'd, glorious, holy ev'n as Charlemagne,—
The Cæsar of thy time!

On thy gold sceptre, by no conqueror spurned,
Shall shine thy eagle vermeil-beaked: upon
Thy wide-spread mantle, Sire, thy bees shall
swarm
And glitter in the sun!

Paris shall light at once her hundred towers,
And speak with all her voices grand, up-
roarious;
Bells, trumpets, clarions, drums, and sounding
horns,—
A concert glorious!

Par cette même porte, où Dieu vous accompagne,
Sire, vous reviendrez sur un sublime char,
Glorieux, couronné, saint comme Charlemagne
Et grand comme César!

Sur votre sceptre d'or, qu'aucun vainqueur ne foule,
On verra resplendir votre aigle au bec vermeil,
Et sur votre manteau vos abeilles en foule
Frissonner au soleil!

Paris sur ses cent tours allumera des phares;
Paris fera parler toutes ses grandes voix;
Les cloches, les tambours, les clairons, les fanfares
Chanteront à la fois!

Joyous as infancy when day is born,
Awed as a priest when holiest shrine is bared,
A mighty people comes to meet thee, Sire,
Trembling, and pale, and scared!

Beneath thy foot ev'n Sparta's laws they'd hurl,
Enkindled by thy spirit as by a sun;
Drunk with thy name, and dazzled by thy bright
Career, Napoleon!

Lo! A new army filled with loftiest hopes,
Whose deeds may yet spread terror and despair,
Around thy car shall cry: *Vive la France!*
And, *Vive l'Empereur!*

Joyeux comme l'enfant quand l'aube recommence,
Emu comme le prêtre au seuil du lieu sacré,
Sire! on verra vers vous venir un peuple immense,
Tremblant, pâle, effaré;

Peuple qui sous vos pieds mettrait les lois de Sparte,
Qu'embrase votre esprit, qu'enivre votre nom,
Et qui flotte, ébloui, du jeune Bonaparte
Au vieux Napoléon!

Une nouvelle armée, ardente d'espérance,
Dont les exploits déjà sèmeront la terreur,
Autour de votre char criera:—Vive la France!
Et vive l'Empereur!

While, Chief of the great Empire, thou dost pass,
People and soldiers on their knees shall fall;
But thou, alas! not ev'n by slightest nod
Canst tell thou'rt pleased with all!

An acclamation tender, soft, yet proud—
Heart-chorus with a love ecstatic fraught—
Shall fill the city. Mighty chief, alas!
But thou shalt hear it not.

Bowed grenadiers, thy wondrous veterans,
Shall silent kiss the footsteps of thy steed;
Oh fine and touching spectacle! Yet, Sire,
Thou shalt not see the deed!

En vous voyant passer, ô chef du grand empire!
Le peuple et les soldats tomberont à genoux;
Mais vous ne pourrez pas vous pencher pour leur dire:
—Je suis content de vous!

Une acclamation douce, tendre et hautaine,
Chant des cœurs! cri d'amour où l'extase se joint!
Remplira la cité; mais, ô mon capitaine!
Vous ne l'entendrez point!

De sombres grenadiers, vétérans qu'on admire.
Muets, de vos chevaux viendront baiser le pas;
Ce spectacle sera touchant et beau; mais, sire,
Vous ne le verrez pas!

For, oh gigantic shade of greatness past!
While round thee as a friend shall smile and weep
All Paris, France, the world — thy manes waking—
Thou shalt be there asleep!

Ay, fast asleep, august and mighty head,
In the same trance of dreamy joys and fears
Which Barbarossa on his chair of stone
Hath slept six hundred years.

With sword at side, eye closed, and hand still thrilled
By the last kiss of Bertrand woe-begone,
In the scant bed where sleeper never stirs
Thou shalt be stretched alone!

Car, ô géant! couché dans une ombre profonde,
Pendant qu'autour de vous, comme autour d'un ami,
S'éveilleront Paris, et la France, et le monde,
Vous serez endormi!

Vous serez endormi, figure auguste et fière,
De ce morne sommeil, plein de réves pesans,
Dont Barberousse, assis sur sa chaise de pierre,
Dort depuis six cent ans!

L'épée au flanc, l'œil clos, la main encore émue
Par le dernier baiser de Bertrand éperdu,
Dans un lit ou jamais le dormeur ne remue,
Vous serez étendu!

Like to those soldiers who thy steps had followed
Before a hundred walls, victorious aye,
Yet, touched one evening by the wind of battle,
There stretched for ever lay!

Their haughty attitude, still armed and still
Defying, seemed as though 'twere sleep, not death.
For them, alas! there was no more awaking
'Neath morning's balmy breath!

And seeing thee thus froze amid their transports,
Like to a silent God adored in sleep,
The people mad with love, and come to smile,
Must be content to weep!

Pareil a ces soldats qui, devant cent murailles,
Avaient suivi vos pas, vainqueurs, toujours debouts,
Et qui, touchés un soir par le vent des batailles,
Se couchaient tout à coup!

Leur attitude grave, altière, armée encore,
Ressemblait au sommeil et non point au trepas;
Mais la diane, hélas! cette voix de l'aurore,
Ne les réveillait pas!

Si bien que, vous voyant glacé dans son délire,
Et tel qu'un dieu muet qui se laisse adorer,
Ce peuple, ivre d'amour, venu pour vous sourire,
Ne pourra que pleurer!

Sire! for a kingdom thou shalt then have all
Our brows and hearts, which throb for thee alone;
The nations then will seat thy phantom on
An universal throne!

The bards of earth, a venerable train,
Shall kneeling then proclaim thee great, divine,
Rescue thy memory from stains unjust,
And gild afresh thy shrine!

The clouds shall pass from forth thy glory's face;
By Fame recorded in illumined tome
Thy name shall rise o'er all our story's pile
Like to an azure dome!

Sire, en ce moment-là, vous aurez pour royaume
Tous les fronts, tous les cœurs qui battront sous le ciel;
Les nations feront asseoir votre fantôme
Au trône universel!

Les poètes divins, élite agenouillée,
Vous proclameront grand, vénérable, immortel,
Et de votre mémoire, injustement souillée,
Redoreront l'autel.

Les nuages auront passé dans votre gloire;
Rien ne troublera plus son rayonnement pur;
Elle se posera sur toute notre histoire
Comme un dôme d'azur!

A mighty spirit shall all mankind avow thee,
In exile still magnanimous, serene;
From thy proud column, too, by foreign foes
A bronze Colossus seen!

Yet thou the while in high funereal state
With pomp unrivalled thy cortége careers,
And at thy grand advance a torpid world
New sprung to life appears;

The while is heard, beneath the dome where spirits
Guard the great names which France for aye shall hoard,
The old guns' roar like faithful mastiffs' voice
When homeward comes their lord;

Vous serez pour tout homme une ame grande et bonne,
Pour la France un proscrit magnanime et serein,
Sire! et pour l'étranger, sur la haute colonne,
Un colosse d'airain!

Vous cependant,—tandis qu'une pompe sacrée
Mènera par la ville un cortége inoui,
Et que tous croiront voir revivre à votre entrée
Un monde évanoui;

Tandis qu'on entendra, près du dôme où des ombres
Gardent tous les grands noms dont Paris se souvient,
Rugir les vieux canons comme des dogues sombres
Quand le maître revient;

The while thy name, which makes all others fade,
Mounts to the Heavens, puissant as a God,
In the tomb's shadow thou shalt feel thy face
By the cold earth-worm gnawed!

Were I to seek to give my readers an adequate idea of all the bombast that was put forth upon this occasion, I should write whole volumes. The latter of Victor Hugo's poems was the only one which rose to the dignity of the subject.

Of the artistical trash, which burst from the hotbed of Gallic imaginations, some idea may be formed from the fact that one of the most popular occasional engravings represented Napoleon's coffin borne through the clouds by spirits, entirely nude with the exception of Hussar caps on their heads, and long trumpets in their moustached mouths, while their celestial path was lined by Marshals of the Empire, swathed in their mort-clothes, and displaying medals on their otherwise naked breasts—like so many drunken pensioners!

A still more popular engraving, displayed in all the print-shop windows of Paris, represented Napoleon in the attitude of the Redeemer at the Resurrection, bursting his sealed tomb, and over-

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Tandis que votre nom, devant qui tout s'efface,
Montera vers les cieux, puissant, illustre et beau,—
Vous sentirez ronger dans l'ombre votre face
Par le ver du tombeau!

whelming his English and Cossack guards with consternation. Coupled with this caricature of Christ, was a comparison instituted by this impious and profligate people between their deceased hero and Almighty God himself—since, at the dinner given by the surviving officers of the Imperial Guard, the utterance of Napoleon's name drew the entire assemblage on their knees!!

CHAPTER XVII.

Suggested Ceremonial for the Occasion of laying the First Stone of the Fortifications of Paris.—M. Jollivet, the Pink of Legal Pluralists; *Mot* of Paul de Kock's.—A Parisian Pill for His Majesty of Prussia.—Prevalent Nudity at Balls and *Soirées*; *Mot* of a *spirituel* Abbé thereupon.—De Rambuteau, the Prefect of the Seine.—The Old Imperial Guard.—Anecdotes of Louis Philippe.—Eloquence of Thiers and Guizot.—Stunted Stature and Ugliness of the French.—Mac Leod.—L'Envoy.

It were a notable piece of irony to suggest for the grand occasion of laying the first stone of the Fortifications, that the place on which the Bastille stood should be selected for that purpose, and that one of the "*débris glorieux*" who figured in the demolition of that loathsome edifice at the first blush of the Revolution of 1789, should head the procession barefoot, *en chemise*, with a rope round his neck, and bearing in his hand an enormous penitential candle. Thus accoutred, he should be made to kiss thrice the holy ground on which stood the sacred fortress about to be restored, and make the *amende honorable* in the eyes of Europe. It would be but fitting, too, since France is thus returning to the old *régime*, that the bones of the Suisses who died defending the Louvre be dug up and placed in the Pantheon in the room of the "Victims of July," that Chan-

cellor Pasquier destroy the tricolor flag as he pulled down the statue of Napoleon in 1814, that Marshal Soult proceed to St. Denis to hoist the oriflamme in its place, and that Thiers's *History of the Revolution* be burnt on the Place de la Concorde, and the ashes given to all the winds of Heaven—outstript in their fickle inconstancy.

M. Jollivet, one of the most notable of the legal deputies, fills a strange variety of profitable posts connected with his profession, and seems to have pushed the science of jobbing to its extreme limit. He is avocat to the *Conseils du Roi*, avocat to the *Haras*, avocat to the *Poste aux Chevaux*, avocat-delegate of the Colonies, avocat de la Guerre, avocat de la Marine, is first legal functionary to the Chamber, and an officer of the Legion of Honour. To all these qualifications Jollivet adds that of an excellent knife and fork, being a marvel even of French *gourmandise*. At one of those public banquets, which take place but rarely in France, one of the guests expressing his surprise to Paul de Kock at seeing the intellectual advocate figuring so conspicuously among the "fleshpots of Egypt," the facetious Paul rejoined: "*Mon ami*, there is nothing to surprise. M. Jollivet is here in three capacities. He *eats* as a simple avocat, he *gulps* as a deputy, and *devours* as a member of the Legion of Honour!"

Upon the late occasion of the King of Prussia sending a gold cup to the author of the song:

"The French shall not have the German Rhine!" the wasps of the Salons said that the King did well to remind the poet of the oath with which he winds up the song to defend the Rhenish frontier against the French, His Majesty of Prussia *being fond of drunken oaths.* It was perhaps over a bumper of Rhenish that the King promised a Constitution to his subjects. In this case the Rhine was another Lethe!

Nudity is now the vogue at Parisian balls and soirées. It used to be the shoulders that were indecently exposed; but shoulders and back now both emerge from a sea of *dentelles.* A *spirituel* abbé remarked on this subject to a *rococo* friend: "Leur corset n'est retenu à leurs épaules que par *la pudeur du froid!*"

M. de Rambuteau, the Prefect of the Seine, is usually known as the "*bouc émissaire*"—he being in truth the scapegoat of all the vexations and annoyances which daily arise in a great city like Paris. If a child is run over by day, it is he that is invoked; if a lamp is extinguished by night, it is his name that is cursed; if a paving-stone is displaced, or an extra quantity of mud spouted on a street-passenger's boot, it is Rambuteau that is ruthlessly attacked. Every tile in the city falls on his head. He is responsible alike for the narrowness of the trottoirs, the badness of the oil, and the negligence of the inhabitants. In short, his functions are one long martyrdom. Were his day of forty hours, every

minute would be occupied. He is forced to make a dressing-closet of his carriage, so precious is his time, and the joke goes that it is there he *changes his shirts.* His horses are of necessity driven so fast that no one can well see into the interior of his vehicle, and public decency is not outraged. This is better than Villemains, Thiers's colleague, who during his tenure of office professed to be so occupied with the affairs of the nation that he never had time to change a shirt at all! His *blanchisseuse* was known to have died of atrophy. Rambuteau is said to shave most skilfully while his landau is driving at the rate of eight miles an hour. He is sometimes called "Le Préfet-Diogène," being a cynical observer, and passing all his lifetime in a tub-shaped carriage. This functionary is, both in person and mind, the very pink of a French martinet.

The respect which is paid in France to Napoleon's old Imperial Guard is inconceivable. Whenever one of them makes his appearance in public, a hundred necks are strained to obtain a glance at the passing *débris* of military renown, and the word goes round: "*Voilà un Vieux de la Vieille!*"

It is commonly asserted in the Salons that Louis Philippe's entire revenue, public as well as private, amounts to twenty millions of francs per annum. I do not believe that there is any exaggeration in this statement. Neither is the *sobriquet* misplaced, which is sometimes applied to the Tuileries—"*Hôtel Bullion.*"

A *mot* of Louis Philippe's, relative to the fortifications, was recently cited. In the course of a discussion, in which Baron Pasquier respectfully doubted whether the project would realize the object of its prompters, the Baron happened to speak of Paris as "the heart of France." "The heart,"—said Louis Philippe—"*justement.* C'est *pourquoi* we must provide it with a cuirass."

The enormous mass of military assembled in Paris at the review of the First of May (1841)—the King's Fête—was the subject of much remark. There were no fewer than 100,000 men under arms. Berryer made a biting observation on this subject: "*C'est pour contenir l'enthousiasme!*"

M. Guizot is a very ingenious hand at mystifying the Chamber, and fencing troublesome

questions—an indispensable requisite in a leading minister. This quality was particularly observable upon occasion of the recent negotiations founded on M. de Bourqueney's proposition for the return of France into the "*Concert Européen.*" "M. Guizot," said Foudre de Guerre, "mounted the tribune to explain that he would give no explanation, and answer that he would give no answer at all, which I take to be the *ne plus ultrà* of ministerial parliamentary eloquence!"

I doubt whether Thiers has ever yet ascended the tribune, and spoken for a less period than two hours. Millemains rather caustically observes that "the little great man has never the time to speak more shortly," and Foudre de Guerre adds that "if Thiers has not the outpouring of several hour-glasses before him, *il ne sait que diable dire!*"

"The popular idea of a Frenchman," says the lamented authoress of Ethel Churchill, "is a *tall* and meagre-looking individual." Now, if this, indeed, be the popular idea, it is egregiously erroneous, the growth of the human figure in France being the most stunted in Europe. Baron Dupin (no doubt, very much against his will) has recorded this fact in the proceedings of the Statistical Section of the Institute. In point of stature the British Islands come first, and France last, in the European scale. Here is the secret of Creçy and Agincourt—the pre-eminence of thews and sinews being proportional to that of

stature. The "popular idea" of a Frenchman, according to this writer, is very different from that which prevails at English schools, where the calculation is that "one Englishman can lick three Frenchmen," and that the latter are all "little curs." The popular notion here, too, happens to be pretty nearly correct, as historical evidence testifies, confirmed by living experience. Any one who has spent a short period in France, and seen the miserable dwarfs who there are soldiers of the line (five feet being the average height) must feel amused at seeing "a *tall* individual" described as the popular idea of a Frenchman. Trelawney in his "Adventures of a Younger Son" comes nearer the mark when he makes every Gaul whom he introduces on the scene "*a hawking Frenchman*"—this filthy attribute of indecent expectoration being most characteristic of the nation. French writers themselves confess that they are an excessively ugly race: "*Il faut avouer que nous sommes diablement laids*" is quite a familiar expression amongst them. Their women are notoriously all corset and bustle—mere skin and bone besides; and an idea of the stunted stature of the men may be formed from the fact that, in their literature, in lieu of our common phrase: "a strapping fellow, six feet high," you constantly meet the expression: "un grand gaillard de 5 *pieds* 6 *pouces*."

Poor Mac Leod, the unfortunate victim of American "justice" in the affair of the Caroline,

had his disasters cruelly ridiculed at Paris. The dispute between the United States and England formed the subject of a discussion *en petit comité* at the Chamber of Deputies, when a Centrier Gauchiste observed that "since the Yankees were resolved upon hanging him, Mac Leod was "le veritable *nœud* de la question!" Another remarked to Victor Hugo, who happened to be present, that since Mac Leod did not rise a single morning without contemplating the probability of being hung before night, his "*dernier jour d'un condamné*" was far too prolonged for comfort!"

The jokes upon Mac Leod are, perhaps, permissible, though it would be less feline, and more generous, to forbear from jibing at a man in his position. But French pleasantry is not very select or discriminative in gathering materials for laughter. What a pity that such merry fellows should be for ever indulging in nonsensical military rant, like sham-duellists

who mean after all to do no manner of mischief.

What lover of his kind does not join me in the wish

—"nunc improba, fœdere pacto,
Arma reponenda;"

and fervently pray with the poet of humanity, Shakspeare—

—"that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and a dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France?"

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